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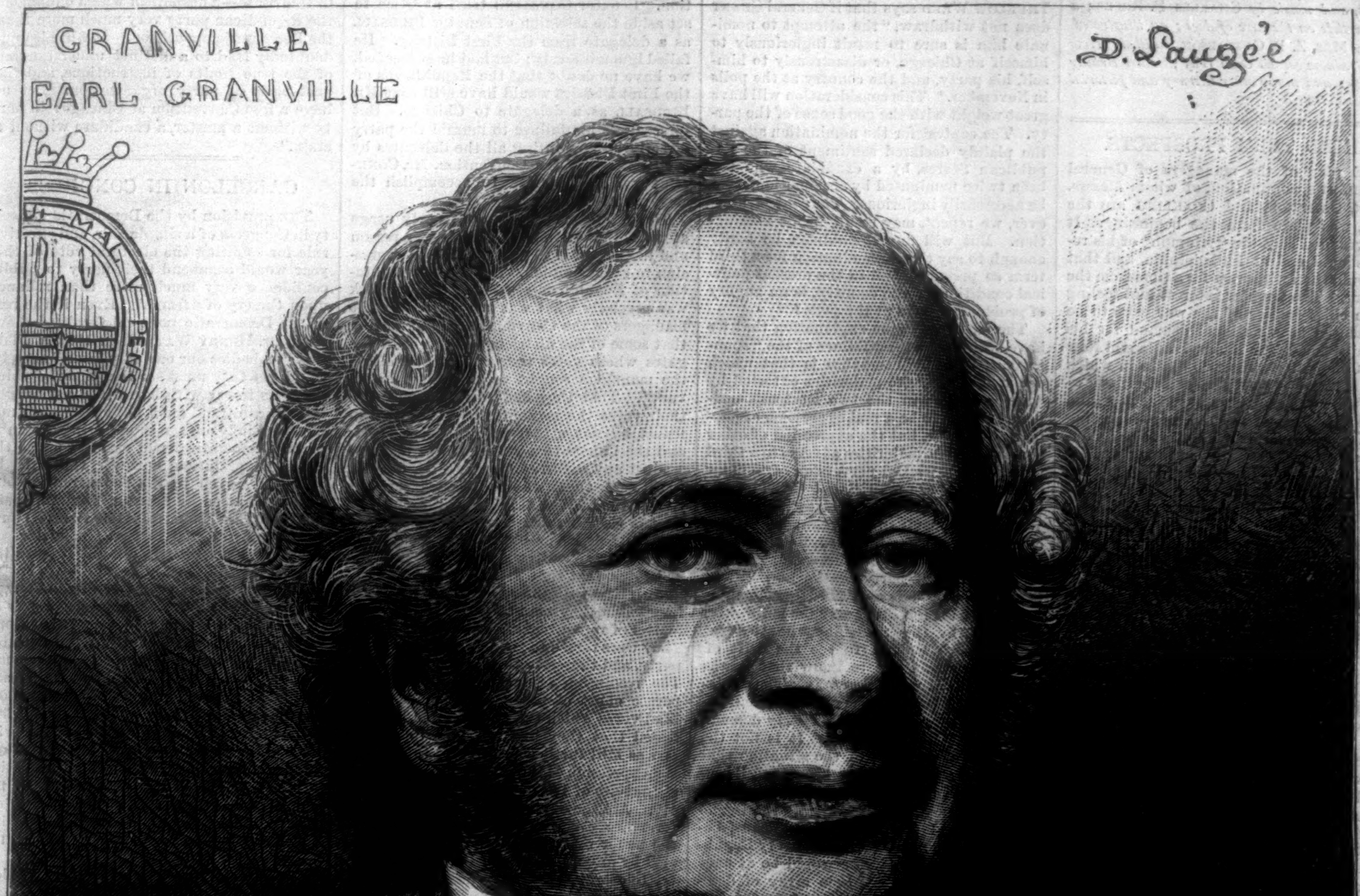


EARL GRANVILLE, K.G., THE NEW BRITISH FOREIGN MINISTER.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY D. LAUGÉE.—[SEE PAGE 346.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1880.

"For neatness, elegance of engraving, and contents generally, it is unsurpassed by any publication of the kind yet brought to our notice."—*Pittsburgh Gazette.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 29 of this popular Weekly for boys and girls, published May 18, contains many bright and attractive features. Besides the two illustrated serials, there is a fascinating story, entitled "Camping Out," by W. O. STODDARD, *beautifully illustrated by* CHARLES GRAHAM; *"I am the Lad in the Cadet Gray," a charming song by* MARY A. BARR, *author of "I am the Lad in the Blue and White," with an illustration by* FREDERICKS, *and music by* CHARLES F. ROPER; *a useful article on the care of dogs; an illustrated story by* MRS. Z. B. GUSTAFSON, *entitled "How John Goodnow got his Own Way;" Easy Botany for May; and many other literary and pictorial attractions.*

THIRD TERM PROSPECTS.

THE plan of the managers of General GRANT's nomination, of whom Messrs. LOGAN, CAMERON, and CONKLING are the chiefs, was plain from the beginning. It was arranged that the "triumph" of his return should end at Philadelphia, and that he should then withdraw for a time from the country. The popular interest and feeling in the chief soldier of the war were to be represented as a national demand for his renomination. The Pennsylvania and New York Conventions, the two States in which "the machine" is most perfect and most powerful, were to be called early in the year, and the entire force of the machine, including instructions and unit rules, was to be directed to securing those Conventions to declare for a third term. Illinois was to follow immediately. The action of these three States was to be cited as conclusive proof of the overwhelming unanimity of the Republican preference for General GRANT, and this, it was hoped, would influence the Conventions of other States. But in any case the united votes of these three States, with the aid of the votes of the Southern States, it was supposed, would assure the nomination. Meanwhile the party press, so far as it was favorable to this scheme, was to denounce Republican opposition to it as a kind of party treachery, and other candidacies were to be treated with the utmost contempt or calumny. This was the general plan of the campaign to secure the nomination of General GRANT. It was not written. It was understood; and, so far as extremely adverse circumstances would permit, it has been faithfully pursued, and with such ardor that the contest within the party has been more rancorous than that with the opposition. This has arisen largely from the fact that the very first movement revealed the essential weakness of the enterprise. The capital of the undertaking was the assumption that it was a universal and spontaneous popular demand. But although the familiar Cameronian methods of obtaining an expression of the popular will were put in practice in Pennsylvania, when the Convention assembled, the most ingenious and resolute management was able to secure only twenty majority, and it was "familiar knowledge" that the Convention was really opposed to the project of a third term. This was lamentably unsatisfactory evidence of a spontaneous popular demand. In New York "the machine" had come into control of the entire State patronage, which was unscrupulously used to secure the Convention. The Albany *Evening Journal* truly said: "Times and places were chosen with a skill which disciplined 'cracksmen' might envy, and modes and measures resorted to which would have done honor to the most accomplished strategist. In two-thirds of the State there was no fair expression, and only in localities where the 'machine' men were novices in 'machine' tactics had the undisciplined Republican electors the slightest chance of being heard without unseemly contest." This was the way in which the spontaneous Republican preference showed itself in New York. Yet with all the appliances of "the machine," directed by the chief engineer in person, the largest majority that could be forced by the most unscrupulous means was 33 in a Convention of 410 members.

This was the second proof of spontaneous unanimity, and, morally speaking, the enterprise broke down with the New York Convention. To make the failure more pointed, Republican Illinois deferred her Convention, and after a desperate and extraordinary contest for its control, the only thing clear is that half the Republican voters of General GRANT's own State do not desire his candidacy. As we write, all the great Republican States, except Illinois, have held Conventions, and not one has followed the example so feebly and unwillingly set by Pennsylvania and New York. The third term scheme is proved to have been without real popular support of the party, and to be a mere undertaking of the schemers. It is noticeable also that Republicans have been naturally unwilling to point out the events of General GRANT's administration, which, apart from the startling innovation of a third term, would render his renomination in any case very perilous for the party. It is, however, painful that a citizen who for his national services has been twice unanimously selected for the Presidency by his party should be now thrust forward for a desperate contest for the nomination by a knot of "machine" leaders who see no other way to retain their own hold. General GRANT may yet be nominated; but the shrewdest political observers doubt it. Mr. THURLOW WEED says that if General GRANT does not withdraw, "the attempt to nominate him is sure to result ingloriously to himself at Chicago, or disastrously to himself, his party, and the country at the polls in November." This consideration will have great weight with the good sense of the party. The contest for the nomination against the plainly declared sentiment of the Republican States, by a candidate who has been twice nominated by acclamation, must be necessarily inglorious. The contest, however, we repeat, may result in his nomination. But will any Republican be hardy enough to say that a nomination for a third term so procured, and in the present political condition of the country, is an augury of probable success at the polls?

The most grotesque explanation that we have seen of the total failure of the "spontaneous demand" campaign is that which declares the meagre majorities extorted by "the machine" in the two most machine-bound States to be a real expression of popular preference, but the expression of other States by great majorities adverse to a third term to be a wicked perversion of popular sentiment by the politicians! This is simply comical. That the declaration of New York and Pennsylvania was that of "the machine" is not, indeed, denied, but it is said that the "bosses" were shrewd enough to see the drift of party sentiment in those States. But this is an equally good explanation for all the other Republican States, in which, by this reasoning, the "bosses" were shrewd enough to see the drift of party sentiment, and to know that it was setting steadily the other way. The explanation, therefore, is equivalent to confessing that there is no popular party demand whatever for a third term. It is not the least significant sign of the situation that the Democratic party has been joyfully insisting that General GRANT was sure to be nominated. He is emphatically the Democratic candidate for the Republicans, because, should he be nominated, every Republican journal and orator would be at once confronted with the whole array of damaging criticisms and events of the late administrations, which the Democratic batteries are holding in reserve, and Republicans would be forced to defend and explain in a canvass what many of them, who could not join the chorus of "Glory to God! regards to BABCOCK," did not attempt to defend when they were disclosed. There has never been so exciting and so bitter a preliminary contest over the Presidential nomination since the Republican party was organized, and the reason is that "the machine" is resolved to commit the party, without the pretense of a sound reason, to a course which is not only unprecedented, but which was condemned by the great fathers of the government, and which is today resisted by the instinctive protest of a vast multitude of patriotic and intelligent Republicans. We have doubtless heard the last of the assertion that a third term for General GRANT is the universal and spontaneous popular demand of the Republican party, and it is for the good sense of that party to decide whether, even if a bare majority of the Convention should be obtained for it, it would be wise to make a nomination which events have conclusively demonstrated to be full of peril.

UNMUZZLING.

THE declaration of Senators ROBERTSON, BIRDSALL, and SESSIONS, of New York, followed by that of other district delegates from the State to Chicago, that they do not acknowledge any obligation to be bound by the resolution of instructions, and intend therefore to vote in the Convention according to the wishes of their constituents and their own judgment, and Senator WOODIN's announcement that if he does not feel at liberty, after what he said at Utica, to represent by his vote the wishes of his district, he will allow his alternate to represent it, have naturally drawn upon these gentlemen a resounding volley of epithets from the stokers and pokers and tenders of the machine, who supposed that they had these delegates securely gagged and padlocked to misrepresent their districts. The argument is not seriously made—for it can not be maintained—that under the unbroken Republican practice in this State, or upon any accepted theory of instructions, a body which does not really appoint, whatever the form of ratification may be, has the right to instruct. The constituency instructs, and in our State Conventions, like that at Utica, the constituency of every district delegate is represented only by the district delegation. It is that delegation which really selects every district delegate, whose name is then reported to the State Convention, and approved as of course. Such a selection has never been set aside by the State Convention; and should an attempt to disregard it succeed, it would break up the Convention. Senator CONKLING tried at Utica to set aside the selection of Senator BIRDSALL as a delegate from the First District. He failed ignominiously; but had he succeeded, we have no doubt that the Republicans of the First District would have still sent Mr. BIRDSALL as a delegate to Chicago. But forecasting his failure to muzzle the party directly by appointing all the delegates by a committee of the Convention, Mr. CONKLING provided a trick to accomplish the same result indirectly.

The unbroken precedent of party usage at such Conventions is founded in reason and justice, for it seeks to allow free expression to every opinion. But free representation of Republican sentiment in New York was precisely what was not wanted by the managers of the Convention; and knowing that some of the districts would select delegates whose votes they could not control, the managers sought to bind them in advance. That they had no right to control their votes the managers had already confessed by not attempting to select them; and the Convention subsequently declared against any such right by refusing directly to set aside those who had been selected by the districts. We can inform our Republican friends elsewhere that when the New York managers desire an object, they go straight for it, and it is only when they are in doubt or beaten that they tack. If they had not known that with the party traditions it was impossible, they would have taken the whole matter of appointment into their own hands. They were forced to yield to the usage of the party, and therefore they tried to outwit it. The resolution of instruction was a desperate effort of the machine managers to bind votes which their own action had confessed that they had no right to control. It was still further an attempt to suppress the expression of the preferences of the constituencies of 180, or more, delegates out of 410. Are the engineers of this kind of performance especially qualified to question the honor of those who decline to be muzzled by any such trick? Is it honorable to try to coerce votes whose honest delivery is essential to the honest purpose of the National Convention? If it be said that the district delegates accepted their election after the State Convention had passed its resolution of instruction, the reply is that they accepted their election from district constituencies represented in the Convention, and wholly independent of its instructions. And if those instructions were really held to bind the district delegates, why was the attempt made to set some of those delegates aside? If it be said that any delegate who had announced that he should not respect the instructions would have been rejected by the Convention, we reply that in our judgment there would then have followed either a bolt from the Convention, or a subsequent District Convention in each of the disfranchised districts. One thing to which New York Republicans would not submit is a usurpation which would deprive them of the selection of their district delegates to a National Convention.

But let us look at the facts in the light of figures. We deny altogether, as we denied in our comments upon the action of the Convention at the time, its right, upon any sound theory of instructions, to muzzle district delegates. This is conclusive upon all who hold that instructions can proceed only from the constituency, and that the Convention is not the constituency of the district. But we go further. No Republican State Convention in New York, upon any sound party theory, can assume to bind any Republican so long as a full tenth of the Republican voters in the State are disfranchised and without representation in the Convention. The resolutions of instruction at the Utica Convention were passed by a vote of 216 to 183. This was a majority of 33. There were 56 delegates from the city of New York, of whom 46 voted for the resolution. Now these 56 delegates who furnished 13 votes more than the majority by which the resolutions were passed, were elected by the disfranchisement of nine-tenths of the Republican voters of the city. Under what code of party loyalty are those nine-tenths, or about 50,000 Republicans in the city of New York, bound by the action of a Convention in which they are not directly or indirectly represented? And by what right does a party Convention, by a smaller majority than the number of those rotten-borough votes, assume to instruct the district delegates to a National Convention? We trust that the first act of the Chicago Convention will be the affirmation of the rule adopted at Chicago in 1868, and at Cincinnati in 1876—the only fair and honorable rule to secure an honest majority—that every delegate shall vote according to his convictions and judgment. The action of the New York delegates is not taken, of course, without full consideration, and it is an auspicious sign of resolute rebellion against the intolerable despotism of party control in this State—a despotism which endangers the Republican party very much more than the Democratic opposition. It will also undoubtedly lead to a distinct understanding of the true limits of instructions, and the just basis of party organization. Let us have a free Convention at Chicago: "a party without a master, a candidate without a stain."

GARCELON IN CONGRESS.

THE provision by the Democratic majority in Congress of a simple, fair, and effective rule for counting the electoral vote of this year would commend their party to public confidence very much more than reliance upon the cry of "fraud." Even if the rest of the Democratic political faculty believe with Dr. HENRY WATTERSON that Mr. TILDEN "embodies our one only issue," namely, fraud, yet they must see that a party which proposes to cry with horror against alleged Republican fraud must not at the same moment publicly engage in maturing a plan to make Democratic fraud easy. This is the only interpretation, however, that will be popularly given to the concurrent resolution introduced by Senator MORGAN, chairman of the committee on the electoral count, and referred to that committee. A concurrent resolution does not require the signature of the President, and by adopting one Congress can decide for itself how it will count the vote. The proper object of such a resolution is evident. It is to provide means to give effect to the declared will of the several States. It is obviously *not* to provide means for huckstering and evading and pettifogging so as to Garcelonize the electoral vote of a State, and find some pretext for annulling the popular will. This is the apparent object of Senator MORGAN's proposition. It is another illustration of the fact which has been noted by the chief commentators upon the Constitution, that the methods of electing and declaring the President are the weak parts of the Constitution.

The "State right" in a Presidential election is the right of the State to decide, in case of controversy, its own will. If a question of the competency of an elector, or of honest election, or any other question affecting the result, be raised, it is the right of the State to settle the question for itself, and to certify to Congress its decision. If, however, the situation be such that there are two authorities claiming to be "the State," it is plain that there must be some tribunal of appeal, and practically that must be Congress. But the plan of Senator MORGAN converts Congress into a General Returning Board, and requires a snap judgment upon every question raised. A scheme of more absolute consolidation, or of more complete annihilation of an undoubted State right, it would be hard to contrive, or one which more surely provides for perverting the result of the most important popular election. It proposes that the list of electors in every State shall be read in the joint convention of the Houses of Congress, and that the question of objection to any elector named shall be put. If objection to any name be raised, the Houses are to separate. In each House members may speak once, and for five minutes, upon the objections, but the debate in each must end in half an hour. Upon reassembling, if it is found that both Houses have agreed to reject the vote of any elector, it shall be rejected; if they disagree, it shall be received. A more extraordinary proposition than this, in view of the well-known purpose and provision of the Constitution and of the nature of the government, is inconceivable. The million voters in New York, for instance, may have declared their choice for the Presidency by a hundred thousand majority. They may have certified the result by their undoubted State authorities, and with perfect unanimity. But some technical objection to half a dozen electors may be discovered, and sustained by a party majority in Congress; the votes may be

thrown out, and the election of the other candidate declared.

This proceeding would occasion "extreme tension" in the political situation. It is a strain to which no sensible, not to say patriotic, man would be willing to expose the country. It falls under the head of the "Champagne statesmanship" which we consider elsewhere, and is a mere party trick to secure party ascendency at the cost of the fundamental principles of the government. It is precisely this kind of thing which perpetuates the profound distrust of the Democratic party. Such propositions are the "digs" and "faces" and vicious head-shakings of an ill-conditioned and surly bully who does not yet dare to strike. But nature is careful, and provides rattlesnakes with a rattle, so that honest passengers may be warned. The Democratic party toils so earnestly and unweariedly for its own defeat that, unless Republicans are mad or stupid, it will certainly accomplish it.

CHAMPAGNE STATESMANSHIP.

THE protest of the Republican press of the State has been emphatic and universal against the "Champagne" statesmanship which proposes to deprive the Mayor of New York of his power of appointment, and to vest it in a ring of the political minority. It is a scheme which, like most of the unfair and degrading measures of political trickery, springs from the question of the spoils and plunder of place, and fatally weakens the party to which so many honest and patriotic citizens are attached, as the party of progress and the country, by identifying it with the most unscrupulous personal intrigue. The situation is this. The present Mayor, Mr. COOPER, was elected two years ago by a union of Republican and anti-Tammany votes. It was understood that to certain offices which were then filled by Republicans he should nominate Republican successors, and this understanding he has fulfilled. But the Republican Aldermen have refused to confirm some of the nominations. Their action is understood to be controlled by Mr. CHESTER A. ARTHUR, the late Collector, and the chairman of the State Committee, and Republicans have been rejected to whom the only objection that could be made was that they were Republicans. It would seem, therefore, that it is not enough that the Mayor should keep the understanding to nominate Republicans, but that he must nominate a particular kind of Republican. To this the Mayor very naturally objects that he did not agree to serve the interests of any particular Republican politician, and therefore declines to submit to such dictation.

In this situation a "Champagne caucus" was held at Albany, and a scheme matured to give the power of appointment in the Democratic city of New York to a board of three persons—the Mayor, who is a Democrat, and the presidents of the Board of Aldermen and the Board of Police, who are Republicans. A Republican legislative caucus was also held, but it was very thinly attended, and the plot was more chilled than encouraged. Meanwhile the flagrant wrong of the scheme has provoked a general Republican protest. The Mayor has neither violated the kind of understanding that existed when he came into office, nor is there any fear that he will violate it, and the proposition that the Republicans shall pass a law giving to a ring in the party the appointing power in the city, merely because there is a Republican majority in the Legislature, is a proposition worthy of the influences that are now dominant in the State, but which will be rejected by honorable men.

The questions are naturally asked, why any good Republican whom the Mayor was willing to nominate was not acceptable, and why the Governor is said to be opposed to the ARTHUR scheme. The answer is to be found in the general understanding that Mr. ARTHUR is a candidate for the United States Senatorship, while Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT is also a candidate, and Governor CORNELL is understood to favor Mr. PLATT rather than Mr. ARTHUR. Hence Mr. ARTHUR wishes no Republican but a friend of his to be appointed in New York; and hence, also, the reported opposition of the Governor to Mr. ARTHUR'S Champagne board of appointment. These, to be sure, are mighty politics. But, great as they are, the charter of the city of New York ought not to be a prize in a grab game, and the Republican majority will be responsible, and held to strict account, if this extraordinary provision should be adopted. The government of the city should be determined by other considerations than the promotion of the Senatorial aspirations of either of the distinguished statesmen whom we have mentioned. Champagne statesmen will play whatever antics they please; but it must be remembered that the Republican party is held responsible for their performances, and will infallibly pay the piper.

A TIMELY PAMPHLET.

A NEAT pamphlet of nearly 200 pages has just been published by G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, called *The Independent Movement in New York*, which gives more valuable information upon the subject known as "machine politics" than can be found elsewhere, and which we recommend as a cheap and convenient and most useful manual for delegates to the Chicago Convention. The author takes the name of "Junius," as he explains, because Junius made the first protest through the press for pure and honest politics, and because the crisis and the lesson of the time of Junius in England and of ours in New York are similar. The author states himself to be an original Republican, who believes Republican ascendency to be still necessary for the national welfare, but who sees that ascendency to be menaced and endangered by the kind of party management which has its fullest illustration in New York politics.

This system was justified and described fifty years ago by Mr. MARCY, then Senator, and one of the chief managers of his party in New York. It was in the secret executive debate, afterward published, upon the confirmation of Mr. VAN BUREN as Minister to England, in which Mr. MARCY first used the familiar phrase, "To the victor belong the spoils of the enemy." This vigorous pamphlet shows the development of the machine system in this State, and the certainty of its fatal effect upon any party. In analyzing its processes, the author exposes the essentially vicious and un-Republican basis of the Republican organization in New York, to which we have often referred, and which, as we say in another column, destroys the assumption of "regularity" in its present action.

In a word, the present basis of organization is a pledge to persons, not to principles. Every Republican in New York—that is, every voter who holds to the principles declared by the National Convention—has a right as a Republican to take part in the party action. But the present organization excludes him unless he pledges himself to persons. This is but a sign of the tendency to exact allegiance to the party instead of the party purpose, and Independent Republicanism is an organized protest against this tendency. It proposes an immediate and an ultimate remedy. The first is scratching, or the defeat of improper nominations by individual action; the second is reform of the civil service, which unhinges "the machine." The public mind, in the absence of commanding issues of policy, is very hospitable to both of these ideas, and the pamphlet of which we are speaking is a most timely contribution to political discussion. It is written with ample information, and with strong convictions, but with evident candor. Its trenchant analysis of Mr. TILDEN, and its vigorous contrast of Mr. SEWARD and Mr. CONKLING, show a shrewd eye and a skillful hand. It is evidently the work of a close political observer and thinker, and is a very important addition to our political literature.

CRIME WITHOUT CRIMINALS.

REV. DR. POTTER said, at the burial of one of the victims of the Madison Square catastrophe, that "the recklessness or the cupidity which is answerable for this murder must be held accountable." The jury, after a long investigation, united in censuring the Harlem Railroad Company and the Department of Public Buildings. It was the cupidity of the company that put up a cheap building, and the recklessness of the Building Department which permitted a violation of the law. It is now to be seen whether anything will be done or anybody held responsible.

When a Mohammedan is confronted with such a pitiful disaster as that at Madison Square, he shrugs his shoulders, and replies that it is fate, the will of Allah. When an Italian or Frenchman meets it, he holds up both hands, exclaims, "Eh! There's nothing to be done," and walks on. The Englishman is of another stock. He writes to the *Times*, and growls and thunders until something is done. The American shouts for three days that it is "a horror," and the newspapers print horror in huge head-lines. Then there is sweet acquiescence until the next "horror."

Of course the real responsibility is not in courts, or legislatures, or departments; it is in public opinion. When public opinion is resolved that theatres shall not risk the safety of the audience, and that buildings shall not fall and destroy precious lives, the risk and the tragedy will end. When a building falls, somebody is to blame. It may be difficult, as we said in first speaking of this calamity, to say who is to blame, but public opinion can make the discovery easy by requiring laws that define responsibility, and then enforcing them. If the Harlem Railroad Company, for instance, were liable to be made to pay a million of dollars, and the Superintendent of Buildings were liable to be indicted for manslaughter, and both knew that the penalty would be exacted, the Madison Square Garden wall would not fall again, and other walls would stand firmly.

TONICS FOR WEAK NERVES.

THE introduction in Congress of a bill to prevent adulteration in food, and the warm discussion of the great butter and oleomargarine question, give peculiar interest to an allusion to certain hospital reports which we find in the *Plumber*. There is in England an act regulating the sale of food and drugs, which has been made the basis of German legislation upon the same subject. The demand for such a law in Germany was thought to be great, because there is a German joke that three flies of the country feasted, one upon flour, the second upon sugar, and the third on fly poison—and the last was the only survivor.

There is always this tendency to exaggeration. If a person falls ill with certain diseases, it is now the fashion to attribute them, without question, to certain specific causes. This has been carried so far that there are a great many persons who are disposed to believe that modern improvements in drainage are merely death-traps, and that there is very little honest food of any kind to be bought.

These gloomy skeptics will be glad to learn that recent careful investigation in England seldom finds alum in bread, and decides that much of the commonly accepted kind of adulteration even in malt liquors exists only in the imagination, "and the injury to health for the most part is due to the imbibing of abnormal quantities." Milk is still widely adulterated with water. The "butter factories" are superintended by skillful chemists, and the report says that a great deal of the genuine butter is inferior as to sight, taste, and smell to the artificial, but it does not mention its comparative nutritious quality. Dr. CARMICHAEL, of Glasgow, also, has experimented carefully upon the passage of sewage gas through the ordinary water-trap, and finds that very little passes, and that not injurious, while it effectually excludes germs or minute particles. Such facts, however, should not breed negligence. On the contrary, the exclusion being determined by a proper trap, should produce the utmost care to provide it. But they remove the morbid suspicion that security is impossible.

A GOOD NOMINATION.

THE nomination of Mr. JAMES TALCOTT for the vacant Park Commissionership is one which does credit to Mayor COOPER'S judgment, and we trust he may be speedily confirmed. Mr. TALCOTT, though quite a young man, is one of our most prominent merchants, and one who owes his success to his own remarkable business energy and sagacity. He has been active in many of our city charities, and has given much time and attention to the efforts toward improving the tenement-house system of New York. His experience, capacity, and independence would make him a very useful and efficient member of the Park Commission.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL CENTENARY.

IT is a hundred years ago, as Dr. CROOKS stated in our columns last week, that ROBERT RAIKES opened a Sunday-school at Gloucester, in England, and it is from that opening that the modern system of Sunday-schools dates. Such schools, indeed, were not altogether new; the Methodists had founded schools in Virginia, and the Baptists in Pennsylvania; but ROBERT RAIKES gave the first general impulse; he is the father of the Sunday-school; and although there had been some schools in England, yet within nine years after he began at Gloucester, there were more than three hundred thousand Sunday-school scholars in the country.

We gather these facts from an interesting and valuable address of the Hon. JOHN JAY'S upon taking the chair at a late union celebration of this interesting centenary. He ascribes the real beginning of the modern Sunday-school movement in this country to the good Bishop WHITE, of Pennsylvania, in 1790; and in illustration of the spirit and energy with which the work is prosecuted, Mr. JAY alludes to one gentleman who had founded six hundred Sunday-schools in Minnesota and Wisconsin, in which twenty-one thousand scholars are taught; and the American Sunday-school Union, which was established in 1824, had founded in fifty-two years sixty-three thousand new schools, with four hundred and nineteen thousand teachers, and two million seven hundred and forty-five thousand scholars; while the schools "fostered" by the society exceeded ninety-three thousand, with more than five millions of pupils. We know one instance of patient fidelity in this work, perhaps unequalled in the country. In the town of Hempstead, Long Island, the librarian and treasurer of the Methodist Sunday-school has held those positions in the school continuously for fifty years. He is still active, and his associates lately showed their appreciation of his long and admirable and modest service by presenting him a testimonial which will be a proud heirloom among his descendants. We believe also that the superintendent of the Bromfield Street Sunday-school, in Boston, has served for fifty continuous years—another striking example of efficient fidelity in a most important but unobtrusive service.

The Foreign Sunday-school Association have established schools in all countries, especially in Germany, where there are now two thousand, and the same books, maps, pictures, hymns, and tunes are used as in the United States. Mr. JAY regards the Sunday-school as one of the most important nurseries of the religious freedom upon which all our institutions rest. Indeed, such schools, while peaceful as Quaker guns, may be as impregnable a battery as Gibraltar.

PERSONAL.

THE following interesting anecdote appears in the sketch of Mr. GLADSTONE'S life published in "Harper's Half-hour Series": "JOHN GLADSTONE, the father of the present Prime Minister of England, was a business man of unusual sagacity. While he was a member of the Liverpool firm of CORRIE, GLADSTONE, & BRADSHAW, the European corn crops utterly failed, and young GLADSTONE was sent to the United States to buy grain. But America too had suffered in her crops, and no corn was to be had. While in a condition of great perplexity, Mr. GLADSTONE received advices from Liverpool to the effect that twenty-four vessels had been engaged to convey to Europe the grain he was dispatched to purchase, but which he had not been successful in procuring. The disastrous news soon became known that there were no cargoes of grain, and that the vessels, instead of being loaded with a rich freight, must return to Liverpool in ballast only. The prospect was ruinous, and the stability of the house of CORRIE & Co. was considered irretrievably shattered. But Liverpool merchants had reckoned without their host. Now was the time for JOHN GLADSTONE to demonstrate his business capacity and enterprise, by which he was able to save the fortunes of the firm. While many would have been helplessly casting about for means of recovery, young GLADSTONE was up and doing. The ships must not return empty. He made a thorough examination of the American markets, ascertained what stocks there were which would be likely to prove acceptable in Liverpool, and, by dint of sleepless energy and activity, he managed to stock the holds of all the vessels. The result was that the house was saved at a very trifling loss."

—Of Mr. COVENTRY PATMORE, author of "The Angel in the House," and other domestic poems, the London *Spectator* says: "He has many of the gifts of the poet, but he lacks one thing—intensity. He has sentiment, an exquisite eye for the graces of modern life, available for the purposes of verse that seeks to rise, and occasionally hardly more than to rise, above a merely conventional or society level; and a very nimble fancy that too often tempts him unduly to prolong light or even trivial images. He has something of virginal purity and repose—a something stainless and strange to the more awful discords of life, knowing of them only through mediums which rob them of their ghastliness. In his society we walk, as it were, in a soft terraced garden, well sheltered from the north winds, provided with all proper accessories, and to which the din and strife of the world come soft and muffled. It is not a fairy-land he dwells in, but the world of pure young love happily mated, its genius being as yet unfamiliar with many forms of evil, and transfiguring life by its own buoyant hope and innocency of love. There is not much variety of note, but the notes we have are low, prolonged, and sweet."

—The Bishop elect of Liverpool, England, declares his intention of withdrawing from the Church Association. In addressing the Bishopric Committee, he said that he came among them as a Protestant and Evangelical Church bishop, and not of any particular sect or party. He was a committed man, but desired to hold out his right hand to all loyal Churchmen, at the same time holding his own opinions firmly, for he had never had any difficulty in getting on comfortably with loyal Churchmen of whatever school.

—The thousands of New-Yorkers who have for the past thirty years been in the habit of riding over Mr. VANDERBILT'S Fourth Avenue Railroad will be sorry to hear that PETER HILL, the life-long "starter" of cars from the Thirty-second Street Dépôt, is dead. He was ill only three days, and had reached the good old age of seventy-six. PETER was a character in his way. Though rather arbitrary in his method of carrying out the orders of his superiors, he had always the best of intentions, and was ever ready to lend a helping hand to those in distress. He is celebrated in the Mark Twain *Horse-car Poetry*, and never forgave the "Broad Innocent," as he used to call him, for the following, which will live longer than epitaphs written in longer and more serious meter:

"When you mount a Madavenue cair,
Ask politely the conductair
To show you the gentlemanly old PETAIR,
Who's all of the grace of the 'Commodair,'
And is known as the amiable old startair
Who wears an uncommonly long Ulstair,
Be weather foul or be weather fair."

—Commenting on the talk about the possible appointment of Postmaster JAMES to the vacancy in the Postmaster-Generalship caused by the retirement of Judge KEY, the Syracuse *Herald* says, "His retirement from active duty at the metropolis of the nation would be felt as a serious loss to all communities which have commercial relations with that centre, although good citizens everywhere who believe in civil service reform of the practical sort would have their regret modified by the reflection that such eminent capacity as the model postmaster's would find an enlarged sphere in the management of several thousand offices instead of one."

—Sir JOHN GOSS, the English organist and musical composer, whose death was announced by the cable on the 12th inst., was born at Fareham, county of Hants, in 1800, and was a pupil of THOMAS ATTWOOD, whom he succeeded as organist of St. Paul's in April, 1838. It was as a composer, however, as much as an organist, that the name of Sir JOHN GOSS became famous in England. The "Te Deum," and the anthem "The Lord is my Strength," performed at the thanksgiving service held in St. Paul's Cathedral February 27, 1872, in commemoration of the recovery of the Prince of Wales from a dangerous sickness, were composed by him, and gained for him a knighthood. In that year he resigned the post of organist in St. Paul's. He is the author of many orchestral compositions, and in 1852 composed a dirge for the burial of the Duke of Wellington. His later compositions include the anthem "Praise the Lord, O my soul," written for the bicentenary festival of the Sons of the Clergy, "Wilderness," and "O Saviour of the World." He was made Doctor of Music by the University of Cambridge June 1, 1876.

—The will of the late ELLIOT C. COWDIN, of this city, recently offered for Probate, is a concise document. The widow gets a country house and farm at Newcastle, Westchester County, with the furniture and all the appurtenances, together with the testator's former city residence, and an annuity of $5,000 during her life. This sum is to come from a fund formed by the sale of the remainder of the testator's property, both real and personal, by the executors. After a sum is set apart, sufficient, in the estimation of Mrs. COWDIN, for the education of the children, the remainder is to be invested in proper securities. When the oldest child arrives at the age of twenty-one years, the property in the hands of the executors is to be divided into as many shares as there are living children of the testator, and the oldest child is to receive one-half of one share. The other half is to be re-invested by the executors, and the interest is to be paid to the heir from time to time. The same course is to apply to each of the children as they attain their majority. Should either of the daughters of the testator marry before attaining the age of twenty-one years, a division is to be made as if she had attained legal age. In the event of the death of any of the heirs, their shares are to be divided equally among the others.

IMMIGRANTS IN CASTLE GARDEN.—Drawn by A. B. Shults.—[See next Page.]

IMMIGRANTS LANDING AT CASTLE GARDEN.—Drawn by A. B. Shults.

FOREIGN IMMIGRATION TO THE UNITED STATES.

In busy New York perhaps the busiest spot during the spring months of 1880 has been the Rotunda of Castle Garden. It is a polyglot exchange, the meeting-place of the tribes of the sons of men. Here they are to be found in all costumes, from the white sheep-skin jacket of the Hungarian to the thick woollen wraps of the Hollander. Grouped in every possible attitude—some, exhausted by a long voyage, sleeping on the floor, with such chance head-rests as can be found, some cooking, some smoking, some sitting and looking out on what they can see of the New World with wondering eyes—they are a study for an artist. The servants and officers of the Commissioners of Emigration are on the alert, directing the new-comers how to proceed, and helping them off to their destinations, whether the States near by or the far West. As many as four thousand have been received and dispatched in a single day.

The volume of immigration to the United States for 1880 promises to be enormous. In 1879 the number of arrivals of aliens at the port of New York was 179,589; in 1878, 129,866; in 1877, 109,055. In the first four months of 1880 the number of arrivals has reached 81,262, or nearly half of the total of 1879. In April of this year more foreigners landed at our port than were ever known to arrive in one month. Of the countries represented, Germany stands first, then Ireland, England, and Sweden. Reckoning England, Scotland, and Ireland together, the total of immigrants coming from Great Britain in 1879

THE POTTERY EXHIBITION AT CINCINNATI.—Photographed by J. Landy.—[See Page 342.]

was 50,266. In supplying us with population our mother country leads the rest of the world.

It is for the political economists to reckon the money value to the country of each immigrant. Some have fixed it at $800, some as high as $1200. When it is considered that the foreigner who comes to us is usually in the prime of life, and has many years of productive labor before him, the higher estimate does not appear excessive. But this is a very imperfect way of determining the benefit which we derive from the inflow of European populations. Some of the nations of the Old World owe a large part of their prosperity to their friendly reception of foreigners driven from their homes. For nearly two centuries a constant stream of persecuted Protestants poured from the Continent into England, bringing with them arts and manufactures in which they excelled the world. Two hundred and fifty thousand of the most moral and industrious of the population of France were exiled by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. In the sixteenth century, upon the arrival of the news of an intended invasion by Alva, one hundred thousand Netherlanders left their homes within a few days. Historians tell us that "many of the arts and manufactures which had been most distinctively French passed in the eighteenth century to Holland, to Germany, or to England." Twenty thousand French Protestants, "attracted to Brandenburg by the liberal encouragement of the Elector at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, laid the foundation of the prosperity of Berlin and of most of the manufactures of Prussia." To reckon the value of immigration accurately, therefore, we must take into the account what it adds to our wealth in the establishment of new industries, and the strengthening of industries not new. By importing the artisans of Europe we import the arts of Europe, domesticate them, and find in them sources of enduring prosperity.

It is not easy to ascertain the number of foreigners who arrived in the United States prior to 1819, no statistics being collected till that year. It is supposed, however, that it did not exceed 250,000. In 1820 the whole number was only 8385; in 1854 it reached 427,833. Immediately before the civil war and during the war there was a great falling off. When peace was restored the volume of immigration increased again, so that in 1869 595,922 foreigners came to the United States. During the years of our recent panic immigration almost entirely ceased. From the foundation of our government to 1870 we added to our population from this source 7,803,605 persons; from May 5, 1847, to December 31, 1879, 5,857,025 arrived at the port of New York alone. Famine, war, oppressive military systems, the desire to own land, the prospect of better wages, the preference for a free country, will bring the common people of Europe to us in such multitudes as have never before been known. What the end will be no prophet can predict. The increase of the facilities of transportation must induce many to migrate who would otherwise shrink from the venture. Those now arriving are said to be superior in quality, and to average in money sixty dollars each.

But where do they all go? One answer to the question must be made—not to the South. Excepting Texas, nothing can induce the immigrants to turn their faces toward the Southern States. To the offers of welcome there and cheap land on easy terms they turn deaf ears. They are a peaceable folk, and dread the too ready knife and revolver. Just now Minnesota absorbs the largest proportion of the strangers; then Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, Nebraska, and Kansas. About forty per cent. remain in the East; some because they are too poor to go farther, others because they meet with good offers of work as artisans, miners, or domestics.

The Commissioners of Emigration, who have had charge of the landing of immigrants for more than thirty years, have perfected a system which works with mathematical precision. Precision is needed, for six hundred and ninety foreign steamers, bringing precious human freight, land at this port each year. Castle Garden, as every New-Yorker knows, looks out upon the bay. As soon as a ship arrives, the luggage of the immigrants is examined by Custom-house officers, and transferred in barges to the landing dépôt. When the passengers reach the Rotunda, which is spacious enough to shelter several thousand, they are carefully registered. Every important particular—birth-place, age, point of departure from Europe, occupation, destination—is noted down. For some, friends and relatives are in waiting. Loud calls are soon heard, announcing the names of friends and the persons waited for. The officers of the Commission supervise these meetings, to make sure that no fraud is practiced. For some of the newly arrived strangers packages of money have been sent to pay their fares inland; after proper identification, these are handed over. Clerks are ready at desks to write letters in any language of Europe, and a telegraph operator is near by, with instruments and battery, to forward dispatches to any part of the continent. A restaurant under the roof furnishes plain food at moderate prices; cooking-stoves, with fires burning, enable families to prepare, if they wish, their own food. A missionary, whose ready tongue can change instantly from one language to another, flits to and fro, giving counsel and distributing religious books. Such as are sick are removed to a temporary hospital on the premises, where they have the best of medical attendance. Those who are seriously ill are carried by boat to Ward's Island.

But the immigrant is all this time only on the edge of America. Indeed, he has not yet touched the continent; he has but set foot on one of the outlying islands. He can hear the roar of New York outside, but dare not trust himself alone to the streets. The great railway lines have offices inside the Garden, where he can buy his tickets for the far West under the inspection of the Commissioners. His baggage is weighed, and a memorandum given him explaining the amount of extra weight, and the exact charge thereon. At a broker's desk he exchanges his foreign money for current American funds. Steam-tugs convey the westward-bound to the railway stations, so that they are not brought into contact with the dense crowds of the city. Those who will tarry in New York are sent to boarding-houses kept under regulations prescribed by the Commissioners of Emigration.

But how as to work? The abundant work and good pay of America have drawn the foreigner here. How shall he find his way to an employer? The Labor Bureau inside the premises brings the workman and the employer together in a very few minutes. A blackboard in this department tells the wants of the day in English, German, and French. It may announce to-day: "Weavers wanted, especially families. Miners wanted. Two hundred farm laborers wanted." What varieties of labor the motley groups in the Rotunda can supply may be guessed from the fact that, in 1879, 1635 professional men landed at Castle Garden, and 21,834 skilled workmen. Among the professional persons were 847 engineers, 17 journalists, 50 physicians, and 28 clergymen. There were only three lawyers, however. Our home legal fraternity need not dread at present the importation of competitors from abroad. The demand for domestic servants is continually beyond the supply.

The immigrants are not by any means an inviting crowd when they arrive. They bear the marks of the rough life of the steerage. They are the world's poor, but their condition is much above abject poverty. Despite the begrimed and tumbled look of their persons and household goods, they are full of hopefulness. The charitable work of the Commissioners of Emigration for their benefit is something gigantic. All is done without charge to the immigrant. Originally the expense was met from the payment of head-money—not less than one dollar and a half, or more than two dollars and a half, for each passenger—by the ship-owners engaged in this trade. The Supreme Court of the United States in 1876 declared the law of New York requiring the payment of this sum to be unconstitutional. Since then the Legislature of the State has made an annual appropriation of not less than $150,000 for the expenses of the Commission. This is a temporary expedient only: the charge should be borne by the National Treasury. The service rendered at the chief ports of entry to immigrants is a service rendered to the whole country. But for this watchful care many of them would never find their way to the great fields of the West. New York stands at the principal gate of entrance, and superintends the forwarding of the living freight to the sister States. Surely they should not begrudge the payment of the necessary expense out of our common funds. A bill has been before Congress since January, 1877, which places the service now rendered by the State Commissioners under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury, and provides an "Immigrant Fund," from which the cost may be defrayed. But Congress is busy with President-making. We shall have a President in due time—made by the people; and Congress would do well to give some thought to the living tide of wealth which in ever-increasing volume is pouring into our favored land.

CINCINNATI ART POTTERY.

At Cincinnati there has recently been an informal reception given by the Pottery Club. The place of reception and its surroundings were altogether unique and interesting. Instead of inviting their guests to some elegant art gallery richly upholstered, the crowds of ladies and gentlemen in full morning costume came to the Dallas Pottery—a rambling collection of buildings with smoking kilns, whose walls and ceilings were veiled in the dust of pottery clays, presenting a picturesque aspect. The path to the work-room of the club led within arm's-length of furnaces whose fires excite heat hotter than the "grand feu" of Sèvres, Copeland, or Limoges. The visitors found themselves actually in contact with all the different stages and methods of pottery manufacture. They realized that this was the best and most practical way for amateurs or professionals to learn the art of modelling and of decoration. Here was the application of art to industry in the workshop itself, carrying into effect that practical instruction which is the essential value of a "museum of applied arts"; in a limited degree, to be sure, but in its excellent results illustrating the fact that this is the sure and swift road to advancement in any of the industrial arts. Before we begin a brief description of what has been done in the production of art pottery in Cincinnati, it should be said that it is not the least interesting feature of its growth in that city that it is for the most part the work of women. In a lecture delivered in Cincinnati before the Women's Art Museum Association, some three winters ago, and in a little book on pottery, Mr. George Ward Nichols very positively foretold the future prominence of the manufacture of art pottery in the Ohio Valley and in the City of Cincinnati. Until these last three years the pottery manufactures of Cincinnati had been of the commonest kind of white ware, such as is used for the kitchen in hotels, and where solidity and durability were the principal requirements. It was the pride of these potters that an armful of plates and cups and saucers might slide from the careless hands of some Western "Baily Jun." with perfect impunity from breakage, while they were useful in an emergency as weapons of offense or defense. In all cases the tons of "iron-ware," as it was and is called, was guiltless of the slightest decoration. And now the women have invaded the potteries, and the honest moulders of pots and basins behold, day after day, their clays and plastic mixtures fashioned into infinite shapes, classic and modern, from the amphora of the Greeks to an Arita Japanese tea-caddy. There are scores of these women dabbling their gentle hands in the red and yellow earths of our hill-sides, and with great perseverance and some degree of artistic taste have begun the foundations of an art-pottery industry.

The examples which we have been able to present in the present number of the *Weekly* are all made from American clays. But little of it has that finer texture which characterizes the art work of Copeland, Minton, or Sèvres. Much of the material is more like that of the so-called Limoges ware—that kind of Limoges where the colors are mixed with clay, and then applied to the body of the vase before it has at all smelled fire. Then it is baked at great heat, afterward glazed, and again fired in a kiln of lesser heat.

Miss McLaughlin was the first to discover the secret of Limoges, and since then scores of women and some men are making the same ware.

But it is not so much in the work of underglaze or overglaze painting of pottery that this art work of Cincinnati is likely to attain general celebrity as in that which has for its decoration forms modelled in relief on the surface of the vase. This mode of ornamentation gives room for the skill of the sculptor, the invention of the artist. Several of the pieces in our engraving are examples of this modelling in relief, and they are sometimes audaciously bold, and brilliant with original design. In other instances there are delicately modelled leaves, fruits, flowers, birds, and a variety of graceful natural objects.

There are scores of women in Cincinnati belonging to the "idle rich" class who spend most of their time in the potteries. It is to be feared that this occupation is often at the expense of what are called "social duties," but there can be no doubt of the fact that they are by it much healthier in mind and body. Handling dear old mother earth, whether it be digging potatoes or making pots and plaques, does not leave much room for hysteria.

It is a characteristic of the Cincinnati art pottery that it is not amateurish. It looks like that of the professional potter. This is due to the admirable teaching of the School of Design there, which is unexcelled for its genuine methods and purposes, and to the circumstance, already noted, that the workers have their ateliers in the potteries, and are under the counsel and assistance of the superintendent, Mr. Baily, who is not only an experienced potter, proud of his trade, but a man of general good sense.

The following members of the club contributed the articles mentioned in connection with their names, and shown in our engraving on page 341:

Mrs. Dominick.—Vase with American ivy, and a plaque.

Miss McLaughlin.—Ali Baba vase. Limoges plaque: miniature head.

Miss Holabird.—Chocolate pitcher: geranium decoration. Pitcher: cyclamen.

Miss Fry.—Plaque: swallows.

Miss Nourse.—Plaque: owls.

Miss Pitman.—Plaque: modelled: bat.

Mrs. Field.—Vase: lilies.

Mrs. Kebler.—Large vase: horses and chariot.

Mrs. Leonard.—Magnolia plaque.

Miss Newton.—Large vase: Persian design. Small tea-set.

Mrs. Merriam.—Vase: herons.

Mrs. Keenan.—Vase: wild roses and corn-flowers.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. GEORGE BRAIL.

It was, on the whole, very creditable to Mr. Signet's self-restraint that he had shown himself so calm—nay, almost philosophic—in Amy Thurlow's presence, under the immense misfortune that seemed to have befallen him. He was naturally a man of strong nerve, which his habits of business had rendered stronger; they had accustomed him to deal with large sums of money, and to run risks with them. Moreover, his experience had not been of the commonplace trading sort; there were secrets in his bosom—not disgraceful ones, but simply the accidents of his calling—which would have furnished materials for half a dozen writers of sensational fiction. There were, for example, thousands of pounds' worth of jewels and ornaments of the precious metals in his respectable establishment of which he could scarcely be said to know whether they were his own or not—for which, at all events, there were no owners, and had not been for half a century. In old times tradesmen's books, like the old parish registers, were kept very loosely. Chance customers would drop in and leave articles of great value, to be cleaned or repaired—without taking the trouble—so good was Mr. Star's name in the world of commerce—to make arrangements for their return even by so much as leaving their address, and at that time it was never asked of them. They gave their name, perhaps, by word of mouth; and the names were forgotten, and the owners of the names and of the jewels never called for them. They intended to "look in again," of course, in a week or a fortnight; but during that little space death laid them low, or madness took away their memory. Some of them were found out—for Mr. Star was an honest man—but the restitution of their property was sometimes impossible: they had no heirs, nor did any one know anything about them except that they had lived and died. Others, again, had never, perhaps, been the real owners of these precious wares, and after having left them they feared to call again, lest the fact should have been discovered in the mean time, and they should be confronted with a Bow Street runner (as the Mr. Brails of that date were termed), instead of the conciliatory features of Mr. Star.

Experience or recollection of these strange matters without doubt now assisted his surviving partner to keep his head clear, when this loss of no less a sum than £25,000 first menaced him that winter's morning. He had never been what is commonly called a speculator, but the nature of his calling had tended in that direction. He was accustomed to the risk of loss—though not, it is true, of losses of this magnitude; and, best of all, he was of a sanguine disposition, and thought "All is not lost that's in danger" one of the best of proverbs. Moreover, he was genuinely in love with Amy, and his sagacity at once perceived that this misfortune, however ill it might turn out, afforded him an admirable opportunity of ingratiating himself with her. And he had taken full advantage of it. He had (with certain exceptions, which her state of mind had not allowed her to observe) behaved like a gentleman in the matter, and also "like a man." Instead of bemoaning his lost ducats, after the manner of Shylock, he had evinced sympathy with her in her domestic bereavement, and shown that his heart was not altogether in his gold, as she had, perhaps, been led to imagine. Above all, he had established a confidential relation between himself and Amy, which, he flattered himself, he knew how to improve with occasion.

But all this had cost him no little effort. When the news had reached him that Matthew Helston had not been to Poulet Street that morning (which was known to the people in the house by a certain tell-tale dial, which Matthew was wont to set at the moment of his departure, so carefully was every contingency in connection with the parure arranged for), the shock had been considerable; for, from his knowledge of the man, he knew that something had gone very much amiss to prevent the performance of his duty; and the sight of that empty space in the safe, which should have been occupied by the diamonds, had well-nigh stunned him. Mr. Signet was a "warm" man, but the loss of £25,000 is calculated to diminish the caloric in most people. And there was no doubt, supposing that the jewels did not turn up, that he would be answerable for them to the whole amount.

As he closed the door upon Amy Thurlow the smile flitted from the jeweller's face, and left it very grave. Still, there was nothing despondent or unmanly in it, nor in the tone in which he addressed the detective when he rejoined him in the parlor.

"This is the tightest place, George, we have yet been in," he said; for Mr. Brail and he had done a good deal of business together in their time. "The forfeit I shall have to pay, if these jewels are really gone, is something enormous."

"That is, if your man has taken them," observed Mr. Brail.

"Or been taken *with* them," answered the jeweller; "which it is don't matter a dump: Lady Pargiter takes his receipt, and from that moment, whatever happens, I become responsible."

"You mean his receipt when he comes away from Moor Street with them."

"Yes."

"Are the diamonds so large as to be recognizable out of their setting?"

"I doubt it. There are several very fine ones; but I have a drawing of the whole parure, if you would like to see it."

Mr. Brail nodded, indifferently, as much as to say, "That can wait," and made certain entries in his pocket-book.

"Now as to Mr. Helston himself, Mr. Signet—what is he like?"

"He is of middle height, and looks of middle age, though he is much younger; has brown curling hair; is of stoutish build—no, it must be that he seems to be so from his slow movements. I remember he told me his weight—"

"Can you let me have his photo?" put in Mr. Brail. "That will save a world of time."

"I can get it for you, no doubt," said Mr. Signet; and he made a mental memorandum that he would apply in person to Miss Amy Thurlow for it. "It will be copied and distributed, I suppose?" he said.

"Yes, at the police stations and elsewhere." Then, perceiving his employer to wince a little (for it had just struck him that it was scarcely a delicate thing to ask Miss Thurlow for a picture of her brother-in-law, to be published in the "Hue and Cry"), he added, "Not necessarily for the apprehension of the gentleman, of course, but for his personal identification, if he turns out to have come to grief."

"I understand," said Mr. Signet. "It is my own firm conviction, George, that this man is innocent."

He really did think so, as well as having twenty-five thousand reasons to corroborate that opinion.

"Just so, sir," said Mr. Brail, coolly. "It will be as well, however—will it not?—to watch his house."

Here was another embarrassment. Under ordinary circumstances Mr. Signet would, of course, have said, "Yes"; but it was not a chivalrous thing to do to surround the abode of his lady-love with policemen.

"You must take your own way, George, as to details," he answered, curtly.

"You have no sort of suspicion, I conclude, sir, as to any person being in any way connected with this matter?"

It was upon Mr. Signet's lips to mention Lady Pargiter, but her name did not escape them.

Nevertheless he hesitated, and perhaps Mr.

Brail observed it, for he entered something in his note-book, which it is unlikely was a mere poetical idea.

"It may be the faintest breath, you see, sir," he continued, coaxingly, "and yet worth giving voice to."

"No, there is no one," answered the jeweller. Then, after a pause, "Since you are going to set watches, George, I conclude Moor Street will be under surveillance? The cabman protests, it seems, that he left Mr. Helston there."

"Sir Charles Pargiter's number is 10, I believe," said the detective, entering the figures in his book.

Mr. Signet said nothing more upon that point, but he had said quite enough.

"This assistant of yours has been always quiet and regular in his habits since he has been with you, Mr. Signet?"

"Certainly."

"And his character at home—do you know anything of that?"

"I know, on the best authority, that he has lived a most domestic life."

"You say 'on the best authority,'" said Mr. Brail, with the least quiver of a smile upon his respectable features—"that of his wife, I conclude?"

"No, not his wife: I have learned so from his sister-in-law, the young lady who has just left us."

"I am glad to hear that, Mr. Signet, because a man's wife—I may say it to you, who are a bachelor—is not *always* the person best informed of her husband's goings on. Indeed, at the bottom of these sort of cases—or in nine cases out of ten of them—there is a woman."

"Not in this, George. I think you may eliminate that factor from your calculations altogether."

Mr. Brail's face fell like a barometer before a hurricane. "I am sorry to hear that, sir," he said, naively. "When women are in any little matter of this kind, there is always hope: they are so much more easy to get at than the male kind. However, we must do our best." And the detective rose and put away his note-book in his breast pocket.

"My good Brail, you will take your own way, of course; but it strikes me you are entering on this affair under a total misconception," said the jeweller, gravely. "You must remember that not only the diamonds have disappeared, but this unfortunate Mr. Helston himself."

"Nay, that is just what I do remember, Mr. Signet. When an inanimate object is missing, we say it can not have gone without hands, that is, somebody must needs have taken it; but when a man is missing, I say he can not have gone without legs, that is, he is much more likely to have run away than to have been carried. However, we shall know more about it in a few hours."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NIGHT IN NEW YORK—1775.

ON a dim August night in New York, 1775, various parties of armed men might be seen passing silently through the streets leading to the Battery, intent upon some secret design. They were evidently well led and well drilled. Chiefly young, strong, hopeful, they formed a part of the force that had been raised by private energy and patriotic zeal to take the control of the city, and defend it in its moment of need. The war had already begun. The news of the battle at Bunker Hill had aroused the spirit of the people. New York in the summer of 1775, while the siege of Boston slowly advanced, was still under the control of the patriots. The British garrison had been withdrawn; a British ship of war, the *Asia*, lay off the Battery, but the fort was abandoned; and while the loyal Mayor, the Governor (Tryon), and the Civic Council were still in apparent possession of the government, the real rulers of the State and city were the patriotic clubs, of which Jay, the Livingstons, Sears, McDougal, and young Alexander Hamilton were the active leaders. The orators of Hampden Hall and the meetings at the Coffee-House and on the Common were now prepared to prove in deeds the sincerity of their love of freedom. It was a period of intense enthusiasm. The young men grew old almost in a moment, the old revived the animation of youth. The remarkable actors in this dreadful scenery felt that life and death were the prizes for which they contended.

The Tories, who formed the wealthier part of the population, made no secret of their hope that every trace of rebellion might soon be suppressed by the approach of the royal forces. The city was torn by its internal dissensions; families were divided, homes broken up, trade languished, and the pains of civil disturbance pressed upon the poor. The summer of 1775 had passed heavily, full of anxiety and doubt, over New York. The small city of twenty thousand inhabitants, filled with the rage of civil discord, divided, doubtful, might well tremble at the perils that hung over it, and lament the sorrows of its present. A shadow of pain must have rested on the gay throng who trod in summer evenings the well-known haunts of Broadway and the Battery. War, dreadful to women, to children, to the wise, was near. Some fled to the country to escape it, and the majority of the people awaited its coming with awe. But the patriots were still full of hope. Surrounded by enemies, threatened by secret and open dangers, these gifted men, prophetic, far-seeing, defied the power of England, and promised to their countrymen a wonderful triumph for freedom. As early as 1754, Judge Jones asserts, the popular leaders of New York were sighing for independence and a republic.

Down through the dark streets that led to the Battery—through Broadway, Broad Street, Queen, Dock, or Pearl—passed silently the patriot forces on the night of the 23d of August, led by Lamb and Sears. Hamilton, only nineteen, was there, with fifteen of his well-drilled students from the college. They were all armed with muskets, and numbered at first less than a hundred. Their object was to remove the guns—twenty-one eighteen-pounders and several smaller—from the deserted fort on the Battery, and carry them to some place of safety, where they would be of use in the future operations of the war. The Provincial Council, still irresolute, had yet given orders for this decisive act; the Council of One Hundred enforced it; the patriot leaders hastened to obey. They hoped no doubt in the stillness of the hour to perform their work unseen. Few of the citizens on that eventful night seem to have been conscious of any unusual danger. It was about twelve o'clock. The night was apparently dark and clouded. The soldiers gathered on the Battery, and entered unnoticed the walls of Fort George. At that period the water flowed over a large part of what is now firm land. The fort stood at some distance, apparently, from the river, not far from the lower end of the Bowling Green. It was built of stone, star-shaped. Its strength was not great. The patriot soldiers began at once their laborious duty. They drew the cannon from their casements, carried them away up Broadway or Whitehall, and apparently were at first unmolested. Hamilton was seen dragging a gun along the Battery, and Sears, Lasher, and Lamb urged on by their examples the zeal of their followers. They fancied they had escaped the observation of their enemy.

But they were deceived. The royal Governor was Tryon—keen, resolute, malevolent; and it is probable that by his spies and his emissaries he was kept constantly informed of the secret movements of the patriot clubs. He bribed, he flattered, he cajoled. No man was so dangerous; none so fatal to the welfare of the colonies; no one so active in stimulating civil war. An Irishman by birth, Tryon had married a Miss Wake, a relative of the Earl of Hillsborough, the Colonial Minister, whose imprudent counsels astonished Franklin, and kindled the fanatical despotism of the King. Tryon was Hillsborough's favorite agent. Yet his barbarous cruelties on the Connecticut shores exceeded even the malice of the savages; and before he had come to rule over New York, he had shown in North Carolina the innate malignancy of his nature. He was a murderer, a seducer, a public plunderer. He had built a costly palace at Newbern, the finest building in America, at the expense of the miserable colonists. At the battle of Alamance, the first note of the Revolution, he had massacred his prisoners with the malice of a Richard III. He was now Governor of New York; he had assumed an air of impartiality; he took the leadership of the New York loyalists, and hoped to deceive even the patriots. It seems quite likely that Tryon had learned all their plans for the night of the 23d. He had tasted the blood of the patriots at Alamance, and would not spare them at New York. While Sears and his party were engaged in their work upon the Battery, they saw in the dim night a boat filled with men lying off the shore not far from the fort. They had plainly been betrayed. It was the barge of the *Asia*, the great ship of war lying in the dusky river, that was watching them, and Tryon's emissaries had given the alarm.

It was now about half past twelve. The events that followed are lost in contradictions. Several of the patriot companies seem to have gathered on the shore, where now the flag-staff rises over the Battery, prepared to repel an attack from the *Asia*. Their narrative asserts that one or more guns were fired at them from the boat, and that they returned the attack by a general discharge of musketry. The shots plainly took effect in the crowded barge, which had raised a sail, and now made its way back to the ship. The cries of its wounded were heard on the shore; a few moments passed when the ports of the *Asia* were thrown open, a flash lit up the silent river, and a cannon heavily loaded was fired into the provincial companies on the Battery. Several other shots followed rapidly. The patriot leaders ordered a general beat of the drums. The whole city, startled and terrified, was awake in the still August night; the bells rung in the church steeples; the people filled the streets. So wild a scene of terror had never been known in New York. Meantime the *Asia* poured a broadside of grape and round shot into the buildings around Whitehall. The firing appears to have continued until near three o'clock in the morning; and fearful of sack and barbarous assault, the unlucky citizens fled from their homes to seek shelter from the guns of their foes.

"It was very distressing," writes a contemporary, "to see women and children moving half naked in the midnight." The whole population seems to have sprung suddenly from their beds to rush madly into the open air. The rain of shot and missiles reached only the buildings around the Battery and Whitehall. On the corner of Pearl and Broad streets a noted tavern kept by Fraunce, a black man, long retained traces of the eighteen-pound shot that passed through its roof. Many other buildings were injured. But no lives were lost in the cannonade, and only three persons wounded. It is easy to imagine the fierce rage of the citizens at this cruel assault. The city was converted into a fortress; guards were set to prevent a landing. The night wore away heavy with the anxious terrors of war. But meantime the patriot forces had never ceased their labors, and in the midst of the rain of grape and canister, slowly bore away the guns. "Take my musket," said Hamilton to a friend, "while I drag the cannon." The friend, when the firing began, dropped the musket in a casemate and left the fort. Soon Hamilton came back asking for it. When he was told where it was, he walked boldly into the fort, the centre of the attack, found his musket, and brought it back to his own men. He was only nineteen, small, delicate, determined. Two of the guns, six-pounders, he and his companions drew up Broadway to the college grounds in Warren Street, and buried them in the green. In vain Dr. Cooper, the Tory president, forbade them. The young men hid the guns, and here they remained in safety until the war ended. They were then set up before the gate of Columbia College, and preserved, until the building was removed, the memory of a remarkable night.

In the morning the city was filled with intense excitement. Families were seen moving into the country with all their goods; houses were abandoned; business ceased; the patriotic clubs, full of rage, guarded the shore; the hated *Asia*, beyond their reach, still lay at anchor off the Battery. No name was so odious to the patriotic part of the citizens as was that of this formidable ship of war. The act of her captain, Vandeput, in firing his broadside into the slumbering town, showed of what the whole royal faction was capable. Vandeput endeavored to excuse himself in various letters to the Mayor (Hicks). At first he threatened the whole community with his vengeance; then he claimed that he had acted in defense of the royal property in the fort. But the cruel hand of Tryon was recognized by the patriots in the broadside of the *Asia*. The treacherous Governor from this moment never felt himself secure. He claimed the protection of the new Mayor, Matthews; the Tories gathered around him; but he stole away, October 17, to a British vessel in the harbor, conscious of guilt.

It is long ago since New York shuddered before the broadside of the foreign ship. A century has covered the island with the rare results of freedom and self-respect. Yet on the Battery the scene has not altogether changed. On some still summer night we may easily fancy the busy labors of the provincials in the fort, the citizens, the college students; the active Sears, the young and daring Hamilton; the flash of the *Asia's* guns, the roar of her cannonade; the terror of the astonished citizens, who filled Broadway, Pearl, or Broad Streets with their helpless outcries on that night of terror. We awake from our dream to find everywhere around us the fruits of the patriotic courage of our ancestors.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

MOONSHINE SUPERSTITIONS.

THE Tyrolese cure freckles by washing them at night with water in which the moon shines. In the Harz Mountains and Silesia the remedy for goiters is to turn one's face to the increasing moon three evenings running, then take a stone, silently touch the swelling with it, and throw it over the left shoulder. Meier quotes a Swabian charm for toothache. When the crescent moon re-appears for the first time, the sufferer must gaze at it steadfastly, and repeat thrice, "I see the moon with two points: my teeth shall neither shoot nor ache until I see the moon with three points."

Of course the moon assists at all deeds of sorcery, such as casting bullets, the manufacture of the divining-rod, and the like. The following receipt for avenging one's self on one's enemies is given by Kuhn in Westphalia: "When the new moon falls on a Tuesday, go out before daybreak to a stake selected beforehand, turn to the east, and say, 'Stick, I grasp thee in the name of the Trinity.' Take thy knife and say, 'Stick, I cut thee in the name of the Trinity, that thou mayst obey me, and chastise any one whose name I mention.' Then peel the stick in two places, to enable thee to carve these words, Abia, Obia, Sabia. Lay a smock-frock on thy threshold, and strike it hard with the stick, at the same time naming the person who is to be beaten. Though he may be many miles away, he will suffer as much as if he were on the spot."

The ancient Greeks and Romans considered the moon to be a protection against the evil-eye, and they hung small moons made of metal round their necks as amulets. Even the wives and horses of the Romans wore them. The custom has not yet disappeared in Italy and the East. Some years ago Neapolitan ladies used to wear small silver half-moons on their arms, as a preservative against epilepsy, which popular belief has always connected with the evil-eye. The talismanic crescent has ever been the badge of Islam, and it still glitters on the minarets.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A KENTUCKY girl says when she dies she desires to have tobacco planted over her grave, that the weed, nourished by her body, may be chewed by her bereaved lovers. There is poetry in the idea.

"I don't mean to reflect on you," said one man to another. "No," was the reply, "you're not polished enough to *reflect* upon anybody."

Bilkington had passed away. Mrs. B., who had just read the notice of his death in the newspaper, said: "What a pity John couldn't read this! He would be so pleased to see his name in print."

A famous judge came late to court
 One day in busy season,
Whereat his clerk, in great surprise,
 Inquired of him the reason.
"A child was born," his honor said,
 "And I'm the happy sire."
"An infant judge?" "Oh no," said he;
 "As yet he's but a crier."

An Irishman, on seeing a very small coffin, exclaimed, "Is it possible that coffin was intended for any living creature?"

Have you ever noticed that the man with a cold loves to talk just a little hoarser than necessary? It is so pleasant to be taken notice of, you know.

If your lamp is heavy, a bit of long, narrow paper will make a lamp lighter.

The wife of a wealthy and retired grocer to her artistic dress-maker: "Dress me in such a manner that my vulgarities will pass for mediæval affectations."

A prima donna, according to a cockney, is naturally a timid creature, for her art is always in her throat.

A young New-Yorker was introduced to a Boston girl, and before they were acquainted thirty minutes she got so spooney that she had called him an asterolepis, a Silurian placoid, and a cartilaginous vertebrate. He returned to New York by the midnight train.

A man was drowned in a bath-tub in Boston last week. Those Boston people should learn something about a new thing before trying it.

Among the Romans the gift of a ring was a badge of liberation from slavery. Married people may best explain whether it is so among the moderns.

A distinguished man once wrote to his newspaper, "Renew my name this year; send me your paper as long as I live, and if you can send it after me in the next world, do so." They say this man lived to a very old age.

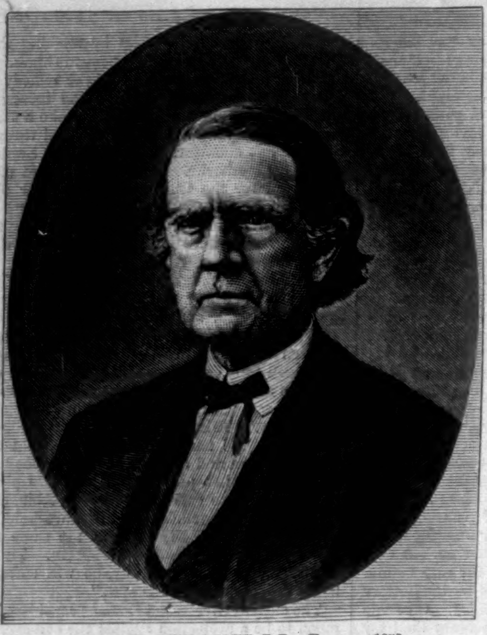
BASHFUL LOVER (*to his belle*). "Would that I had three kilograms of dynamite!"
BELLE. "Why, monsieur?"
BASHFUL LOVER. "To break the ice between us."

A young lady up town repels the domestic slander that she is "fluctuating." "For I'm always at par—to buy me something."

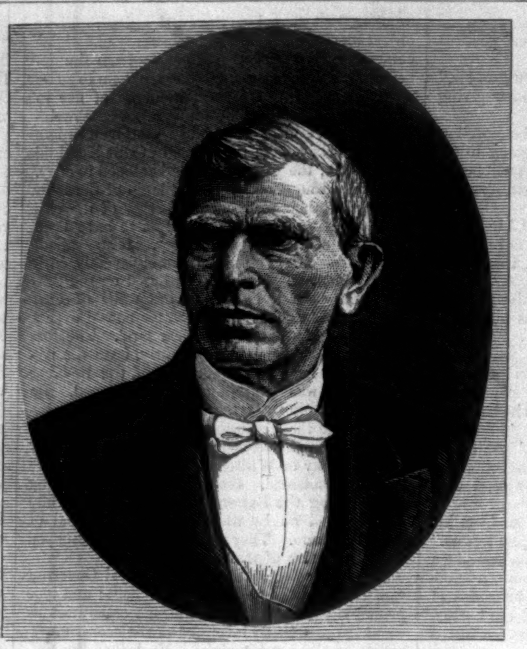
"Frank," said his mother, to one of the best of boys, who likes to sit up late at night reading *Young People* and other good things, "it is time you were in bed." "Yes, ma'am," he replied, in an abstracted way. Presently again his mother said, "Frank, did you hear me say that it was time you were in bed?" "Yes, ma'am, in one minute." Another waiting spell, and then his mother said, with considerable emphasis. "Master Frank, you must go to bed at once." "Yes, mother, just as soon as I finish this line." His father, who was sitting quietly by, reading his newspaper, lost all patience at this point, and calling out sharply to Frank, ordered him off instantly. "Humph," said Frank, as he rose to go, with a sly bit of fun in his eye, "this thing is getting to be contagious." "What?" said his father—"'contagious!' what do you mean by that?" "Oh, nothing, papa, only if I don't go right away, I'll *catch it*," and off he ran, with a merry laugh, to bed.

CAUSE. EFFECT.

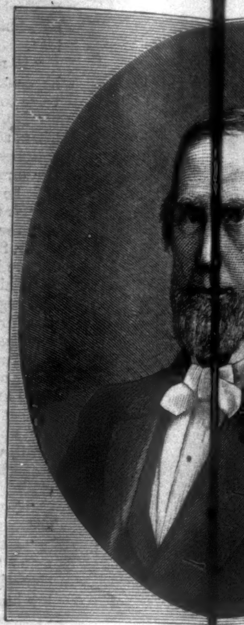
BANANA-SKIN BUTCHERIES.



THE REV. LEVI SCOTT, D.D.—Elected 1852.



THE REV. MATTHEW SIMPSON, D.D., LL.D.—Elected 1852.



THE REV. ISAAC W. WILEY

THE BISHOPS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church have no dioceses. They exercise a joint jurisdiction, being equal in authority throughout the Church. Their travels are very extensive, including, in their range, North and South America, Europe, Asia, and occasionally the west coast of Africa. Since 1876 three of the number have died—Janes, Ames, and Haven—leaving only nine at the opening of the Conference now sitting in Cincinnati. The Rev. Drs. Foss, Warren, Haven, and Hurst have been elected to make the board complete.

BISHOP LEVI SCOTT.

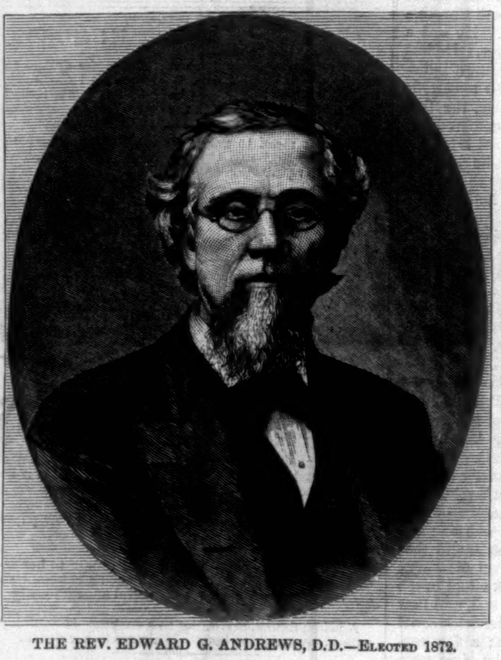
The Rev. Levi Scott, D.D., is the senior Bishop of the Church, having been elected in 1852. He is likewise senior in age, having nearly reached his seventy-eighth year. He was born near Odessa, Delaware, October 11, 1802. He was reared to labor on a farm, and was intended for a trade. In 1822 he united with the Church, and in 1826 was admitted to the Philadelphia Conference. He soon rose to distinction as a preacher. The deficiencies of early training were supplemented by great diligence in study. Laborious years were spent in the mastering of the ancient classics. His reputation for scholarship secured him the appointment of Principal of the Grammar School of Dickinson College, at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. After three years spent in this service he returned to the pastorate, but in 1848 was elected Assistant Book Agent at New York. His duties as Agent were wholly of a business character; he discharged them so well, however, that in 1852 he was elected Bishop by the General Conference, which met that year in Boston. During his episcopate Bishop Scott has visited the west coast of Africa, and has been constantly occupied in visitations to the Conferences throughout the United States. He is known as a prudent administrator, a preacher of clear, incisive mode of speech, a man of most gentle temper, and is greatly beloved by American Methodists.

BISHOP MATTHEW SIMPSON.

The Rev. Matthew Simpson, D.D., LL.D., was born in Cadiz, Ohio, June 20, 1811. When quite a youth he entered Madison (afterwards Alleghany) College, Pennsylvania, and in his nineteenth year was appointed college tutor. Subsequently he took his degree in medicine, and began practice in 1833. In 1837 he was elected Vice-President and Professor of Natural Science in Alleghany College, and in 1839 President of Indiana Asbury University. During his Presidency Dr. Simpson was a great power in Indiana; few men had more influence than he over the public affairs of the State. In 1848 he was appointed by the General Conference to the editorship of the *Western Christian Advocate*, then and now published at Cincinnati. In 1852 he was made Bishop.

Bishop Simpson has been long known as the most eloquent preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He is a successor to the fame so long enjoyed by Drs. Durbin and Olin as pulpit orators. During the civil war he delivered powerful addresses in behalf of the Union in all of our great cities; one of them given in the Academy of Music, New York, will be long remembered. He was the trusted friend of President Lincoln, who held the Bishop in high esteem.

The travels of Bishop Simpson have been very extensive. In 1857 he was a delegate to the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, held in Berlin, and from thence extended his journey to the Holy Land. In 1859 he was made President of Garrett Biblical Institute, Chicago. During the administration of President Grant he was invited to go as Commissioner to San Domingo, but declined. In 1874 he visited the Methodist missions in Mexico. Bishop Simpson's sermons have been extensively published by the press. He is the author of *A Hundred Years of Methodism*, and the editor of *A Cyclopædia of Methodism*.



THE REV. EDWARD G. ANDREWS, D.D.—Elected 1872.

BISHOP ISAAC W. WILEY.

The Rev. Isaac W. Wiley, D.D., is the only one of the present bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church who has done service as a foreign missionary. He is a native of Lewistown, Pennsylvania, where he was born March 29, 1825. At an early age he united with the Church, and was preparing to enter the Sophomore Class of Dickinson College, but was turned from his purpose by ill health. Subsequently he began the study of medicine, and graduated from the Medical Department of the University of New York in 1846. Beginning at once the practice of his profession in Western Pennsylvania, he settled finally in Pottsville. At the instance of the Rev. Dr. Durbin, the Missionary Secretary, Dr. Wiley went in 1850 as medical missionary to Foo-chow, China. Here he remained four years, and on his return was stationed as pastor on Staten Island, and in Newark and Jersey City. His next important official position was the Principalship of the Pennington Seminary, which he held from 1858 to 1863. In 1864 he was elected by the General Conference editor of the *Ladies' Repository*, published in Cincinnati. He was a laborious and successful editor. In 1872 he was made Bishop. The outline here given of Bishop Wiley's career indicates great versatility of talent. Readiness of adaptation is a marked feature of his mind. Though not at any time in vigorous health, his industry and tenacity of purpose carry him successfully through every undertaking. His thorough knowledge of foreign Christian missions has made him an authority on all questions growing out of their administration. Since his election to the episcopate he has travelled extensively in China and Japan. The Bishop is a clear, forcible preacher, a ready platform speaker, and a conservative church officer.

BISHOP JESSE T. PECK.

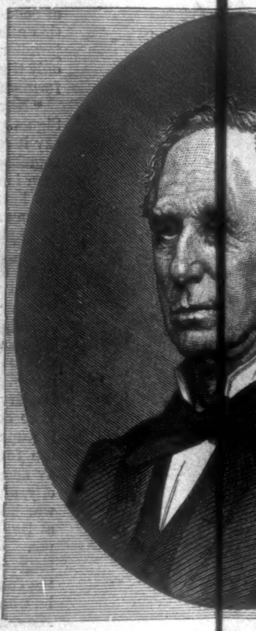
The Rev. Jesse T. Peck, D.D., LL.D., is one of a famous ministerial family. His brother, the Rev. Dr. George Peck, now deceased, was one of the leaders of the Methodist host in the stormy period extending from 1844 to 1852; other brothers also were Methodist ministers. Dr. Peck was born in Middlefield, Otsego County, New York, April 4, 1811. His paternal and his maternal grandfathers were both Revolutionary soldiers. His education was received at Cazenovia Seminary, where his brother, the Rev. George Peck, was Principal. In 1832 he joined the Oneida Conference, and served as pastor till 1837, when he was appointed Principal of Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary; in 1841 he became Principal of the Troy Conference Seminary, at Poultney, Vermont. In 1844 the General Conference was held which brought the slavery controversy to a crisis, and was followed by the division of the Methodist Episcopal Church into a Northern and a Southern body. During the debates in this Conference Dr. Jesse Peck distinguished himself by a speech of unusual brilliance and power, which brought him to the front rank of Methodist ministers. From 1848 to 1852 he was President of Dickinson College, succeeding in this office the lamented Robert Emory. In 1854 he was made Secretary and editor of the Tract Society, to fill the unexpired term of the Rev. Abel Stevens, then in Europe. In 1856 he returned to the pastorate, and was stationed in New York city, and San Francisco, Sacramento, and Santa Clara, California. Upon his return to the Eastern States Dr. Peck was stationed at Peekskill, Albany, and Syracuse. In this last city he became one of the founders of the Syracuse University. To its interests several laborious years were devoted in the positions of President of the Board of Trustees and Chancellor. In 1872 he was elected Bishop.

Bishop Peck is a man of massive frame, and though in his seventieth year, has lost little of his indomitable energy. He is the author of *The Central Idea of Christianity*, *The True Woman*, *What Must I Do to be Saved?* and *The History of the Great Republic.*

BISHOP STEPHEN M. MERRILL.

The Rev. Stephen M. Merrill, D.D., was born at Mount Pleasant, Ohio, September 16, 1825. He joined the Church in 1842, and began preaching in 1845; in 1846 was admitted to the Ohio Conference. Though not a college graduate, he had the advantage of a good elementary training, to which careful culture has been added. Most of Bishop Merrill's ministerial life before his election to the episcopate was spent in the pastorate and presiding eldership. The General Conference of 1868 elected him editor of the *Western Christian Advocate;* after four years' service as editor, he was made Bishop in 1872.

Bishop Merrill is noted as a ready debater and a keen controversialist. His best-known publication, on *Christian Baptism*, is of a controversial type. His mind is alert to detect theological error, and skillful in its refutation. Since his entrance upon the episcopal office he has made an extensive tour through Mexico.



THE REV. THOMAS BOWMAN, I

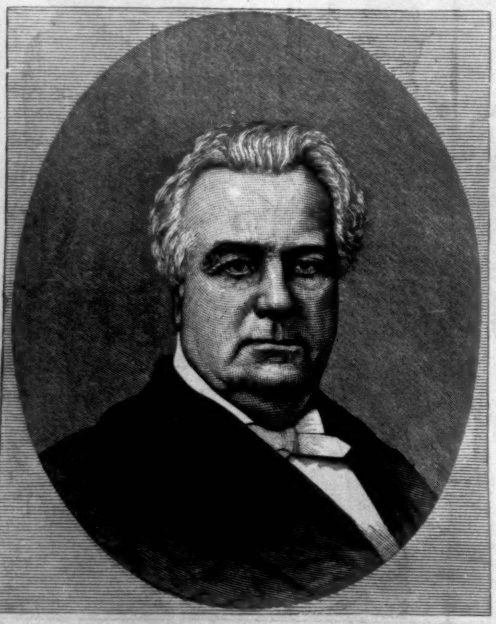
BISHOP EDWARD G. ANDREWS.

The Rev. E. G. Andrews, D.D., was born in New Hartford, New York, August 7, 1825. Preparing for college in Cazenovia Seminary, he entered the Wesleyan University, from which he graduated in 1847. His ministerial life began in 1844; in 1848 he united with the Oneida Conference, in Central New York. Suffering in health from public speaking, he accepted the position of teacher in Cazenovia Seminary, and in 1856 was elected Principal. In 1864 he was transferred to the New York East Conference, and stationed at Sands Street Church, Brooklyn, Stamford, Connecticut, and Seventh Avenue, Brooklyn. While in the last-named church he was elected Bishop by the General Conference which sat in Brooklyn in 1872.

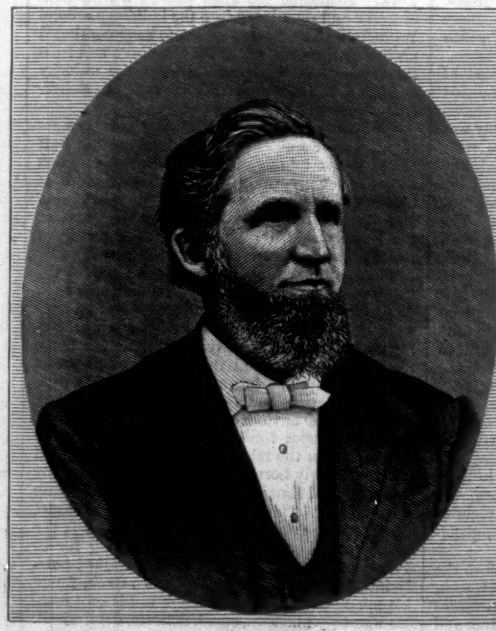
Bishop Andrews is a brother of Judge Andrews of the Court of Appeals of this State. He is one of the few men elected to the Methodist episcopate directly from the pastoral office without passing through intermediate grades of preferment. He is a man of unfailing urbanity, and a skillful presiding officer. His preaching is closely Scriptural, according to the Methodist standards, and his bearing at all times that of a refined Christian gentleman.

BISHOP THOMAS BOWMAN.

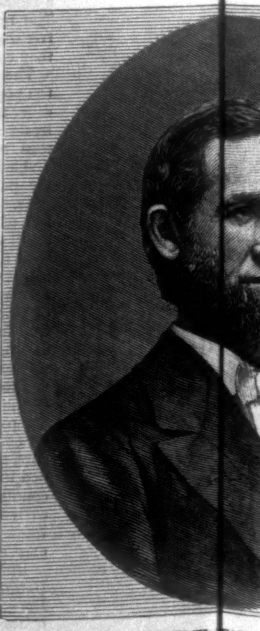
The Rev. Thomas Bowman, D.D., LL.D., was born in Berwick, Pennsylvania, July 15, 1817. His family were among the earliest of the settlers of that part of the State. He was prepared for college at Wilbraham Academy, Massachusetts, and Cazenovia Seminary, New York. In 1837 he graduated, with the highest honors inson College; one ye after in the study of law. Havin in 1833, he was in 18 8 lic in 1839 joined the altimo few years have been ent b the pastorate; the g ater p has been devoted to t ching he was a teacher in the Gra inson College; in 18 8 he c son Seminary at Wil amsp presided over it for en ye elected President of ndian This position was h d for Bowman was a popular c winning manner rea ily att



THE REV. WILLIAM L. HARRIS, D.D., LL.D.—Elected 1872.

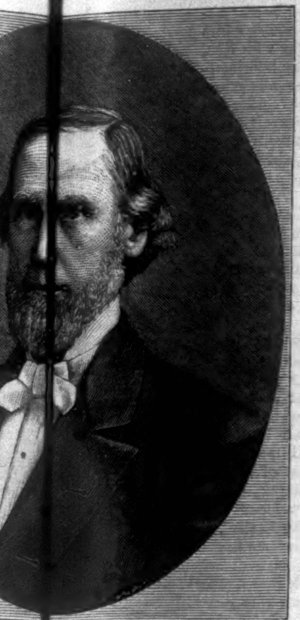


THE REV. CYRUS D. FOSS, D.D.—Elected 1880.



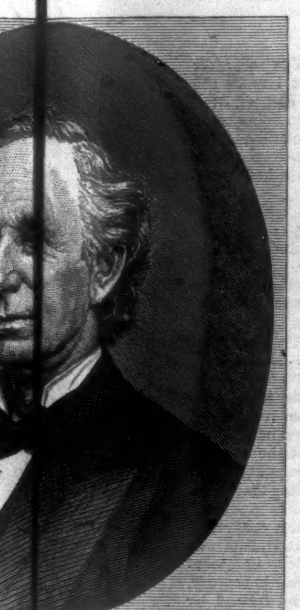
THE REV. HENRY W. WARRE

THE BISHOPS OF THE METHO



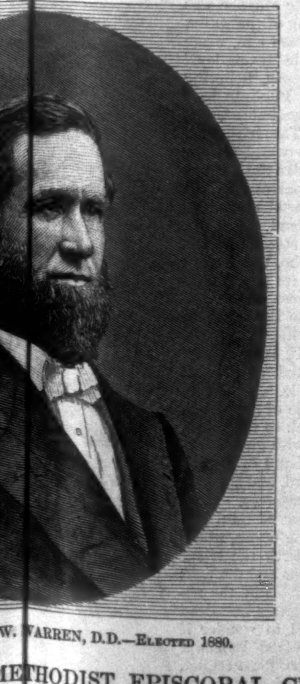
...AC W. ...ILEY, D.D.—Elected 1872.

...highest honors of his class, at Dick-... one year after graduation was spent ...f law. Having joined the Church ...s in 18[3]8 licensed to preach, and ... the Baltimore Conference. But ... been sent by Bishop Bowman in ... the greater part of his active life ...ed to teaching. From 1840 to 1843



...BOWMAN, D.D., LL.D.—Elected 1872.

...in the Grammar School of Dick-... In 1848 he organized the Dickin-... Williamsport, Pennsylvania, and ... for ten years; in 1858 he was ... of Indiana Asbury University. ... as held for thirteen years. Dr. ... popular college president; his ... readily attracted young men to



...W. WARREN, D.D.—Elected 1880.

him. He has for many years been in great demand as a preacher on special occasions, and never fails to attract large audiences. In 1872 he was elected Bishop. Since his election he has made extensive tours in Europe, and through all parts of the United States.

BISHOP RANDOLPH S. FOSTER.

The Rev. Randolph S. Foster, D.D., LL.D., was born in Williamsburg, Ohio, February 22, 1820. In one of the oldest Methodist colleges, now extinct, the Augusta, of Kentucky, he received his early education. According to the custom of the time, he entered the ministry while still a youth, preaching his first sermon in his seventeenth year. Until 1850 his field of ministerial labor lay in Western Virginia and Ohio. In 1850 he became pastor of the Mulberry Street Church in this city (now St. Paul's), where he attained a great popularity. His next official position was the Presidency of the Northwestern University, at Evanston, Illinois, to which he was elected in 1856. When the Drew Seminary was organized in 1866, Dr. Foster was the first professor designated to fill one of the chairs; and on the death of Dr. McClintock, in 1872, he was elected to the Presidency. In 1872 he was elected Bishop. Since his election to the episcopacy he has made extensive tours in South America and Europe, inspecting the Methodist missions there.

Bishop Foster has been diligent in the use of his pen. In 1849 he published a volume entitled *Objections to Calvinism;* a few years later another on *Christian Purity;* quite recently a volume on the *Future Life.* He is now engaged in the preparation of a large work on *Systematic Theology*, which is understood to be nearly ready for the press. During his pastoral years he was noted for the vigor and eloquence of his preaching, which he still retains. His mind is highly philosophical, and both his public addresses and his writing reveal a decided taste for metaphysical speculation.

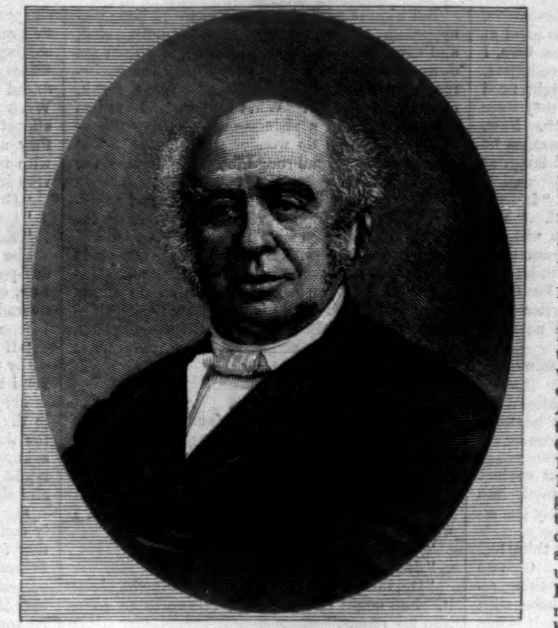
BISHOP WILLIAM L. HARRIS.

The Rev. William L. Harris, D.D., LL.D., was born near Mansfield, Ohio, November 14, 1817. He united with the Church in 1834, and was licensed as a preacher in 1836. In 1837 he joined the Michigan Conference, which then included the northern part of Ohio. Like Bishop Bowman, Bishop Harris has spent much of his life in teaching. Having received a thorough training at the Norwalk Seminary in the classic languages and mathematics, he was in 1845 appointed a tutor in the Ohio Wesleyan University. In 1848 he was made Principal of Baldwin Institute—now Baldwin University; in 1852 he was elected Professor of Chemistry and Natural History in the Ohio Wesleyan University; in 1860 he was elected Assistant Corresponding Secretary of the Methodist Missionary Society, and held that office till 1872, when he was elected Bishop. As Missionary Secretary, Dr. Harris was the colleague of Dr. Durbin, under whom the foundations of nearly all the Methodist foreign missions were laid. Since his election to the episcopate, Bishop Harris has visited Japan, China, India, Turkey, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and Scandinavia, inspecting and directing the operations of the Methodist missions in those countries. He is the author of a volume on *The Powers of the General Conference*, and the associate author of a work on *Church Law.* Bishop Harris is a vigorous executive officer and a thorough Parliamentarian. His robust health has enabled him to accomplish an enormous amount of work, and there is still promise in him of many active years.

BISHOP CYRUS D. FOSS.

The Rev. Cyrus D. Foss, D.D., the second of the newly elected bishops, was born in Kingston, New York, January 17, 1834. His father and two brothers were also Methodist ministers, though now deceased. Dr. Foss was graduated from the Wesleyan University in 1854; after graduation he was appointed teacher of Mathematics in the Amenia Conference Seminary, New York, and in 1856 Principal of that school. He joined the New York Conference in 1857. His rise in the ministry was very rapid. He was soon put in charge of important churches, and enjoyed in all of them great popularity. He has been twice pastor of St. Paul's Church, New York city. In 1875 he was elected President of Wesleyan University. In this position Bishop Foss has had great success. The endowment of the University has been increased by the gifts of generous friends to the extent of nearly $150,000—a sum which puts it on a solid money basis.

Bishop Foss is better known as a preacher and an educator than as an author. He has, however, been a frequent contributor to the Methodist periodical press. As a preacher he excels in exposition, is clear, forcible, and fluent. There are few if any ministers whose services are in more constant demand from points far and near. Being but forty-six years of age, and in perfect health, he has before him the prospect of a long and vigorous episcopal life.

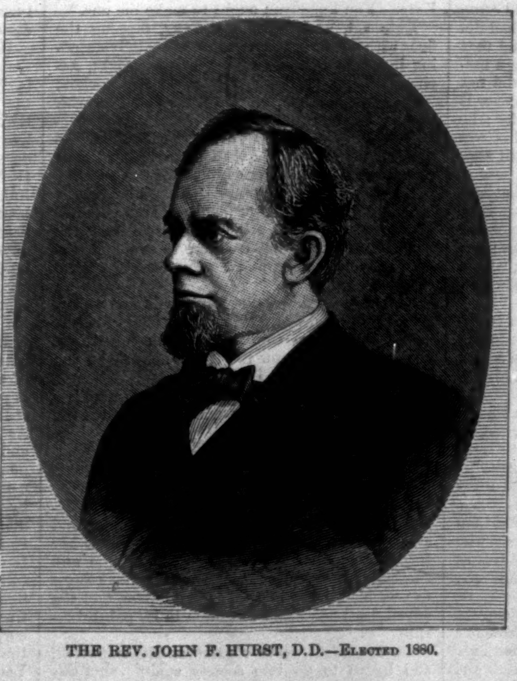


THE REV. JESSE T. PECK, D.D., LL.D.—Elected 1872.

BISHOP HENRY W. WARREN.

The Rev. Henry W. Warren, D.D., the first of the newly elected bishops, was born in Massachusetts in 1835. In 1853 he graduated at the Wesleyan University, and in 1855 joined the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. While in this Conference he was stationed at Westfield, Lynn, Charlestown, Cambridge, and Boston. In 1871 he was transferred to the Philadelphia Conference, and appointed pastor of the Arch Street Church. In 1874 he was transferred to the New York East Conference, and made pastor of the St. John's Church, Brooklyn. In 1877 he was stationed a second time at the Arch Street Church, Philadelphia. Last April he was appointed pastor of the Spring Garden Street Church, in the same city.

Dr. Warren's record shows him to be a successful pastor. A genial gentleman, he is greatly beloved wherever he is known. He has been a frequent editorial contributor to the *Christian Advocate*, and is the author of a volume of travel entitled *Sights and Insights*, and also of a popular work on astronomy. He is a brother of the Rev. Dr. W. F. Warren, the President of the Boston University.

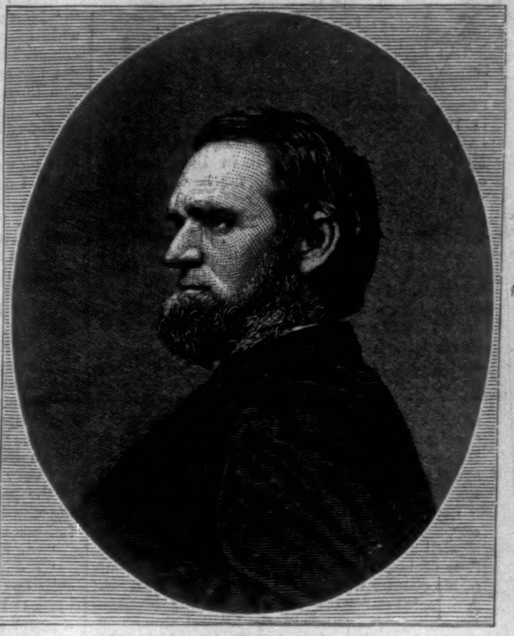


THE REV. JOHN F. HURST, D.D.—Elected 1880.

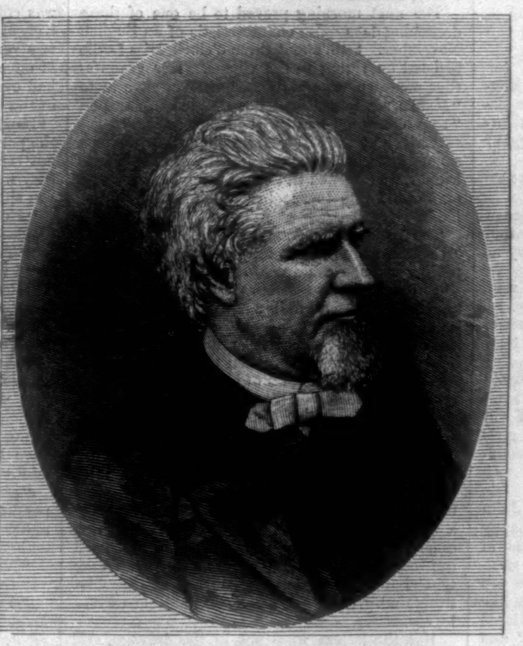
BISHOP JOHN F. HURST.

The Rev. John F. Hurst, D.D., the third of the newly elected bishops, was born near Salem, Dorchester County, Maryland, August 17, 1834. He entered Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in 1850, and graduated in 1854. Two years after graduation were spent in teaching, when he proceeded to Germany, and studied theology in the universities of Halle and Heidelberg. After his return home, in 1858, he entered the Newark Conference, and spent eight years in the pastorate. His knowledge of the German, and his fitness for the position, pointed him out as the successor to the Rev. Dr. Warren, who had held the chair of Theology in the Methodist Mission Institute at Bremen. Dr. Hurst entered upon his duties at Bremen in 1866. While in this office the location of the Institute was changed to Frankfort-on-the-Main. With a new name—the Martin Mission Institute—and a new building, the gift of Mr. John T. Martin, of Brooklyn, the school prospered under Dr. Hurst's Presidency. Returning to the United States in 1871, he was elected Professor of Historical Theology in Drew Theological Seminary; in 1873 he was chosen President of that institution. Through the reverses which fell upon Mr. Drew, the endowment of the seminary was wholly lost; with rare courage Dr. Hurst undertook to secure a second endowment, and by his persistence and skill, aided by the co-operation of the Board of Trustees, he has obtained, in cash and pledges, $312,000.

Bishop Hurst is a voluminous and successful author. His first publication, *A History of Rationalism*, has taken rank as a standard work. He has also written *Martyrs to the Tract Cause, Outlines of Bible History, Life and Literature in the Father-Land, Outlines of Church History*, and *Our Theological Century.* He is the translator of Hagenbach's *History of the Church in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries*, Van Oosterzee's *Lectures in Defense of John's Gospel*, and Lange's *Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans.* He is also the editor of the *Moral Essays of L. Annæus Seneca*, with notes and an essay on the life of Seneca.



THE REV. STEPHEN M. MERRILL, D.D.—Elected 1872.

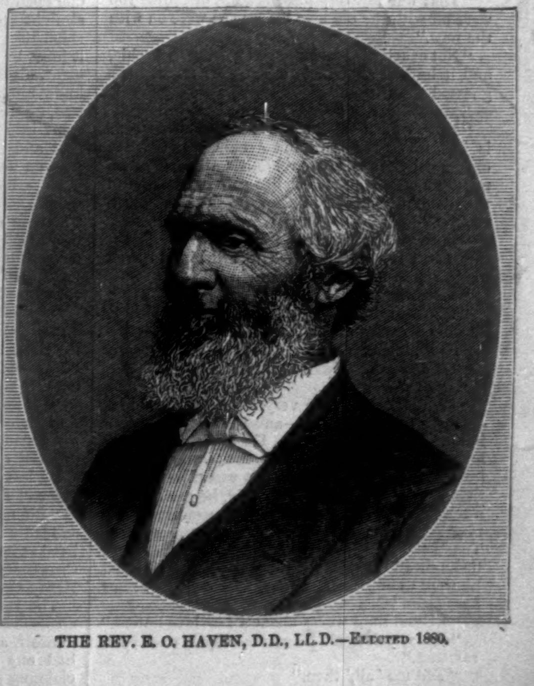


THE REV. RANDOLPH S. FOSTER, D.D.—Elected 1872.

BISHOP ERASTUS O. HAVEN.

The Rev. Dr. Erastus O. Haven, D.D., LL.D., the fourth of the newly elected Bishops, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, November 1, 1820. He is a cousin of Bishop Gilbert Haven, recently deceased, and a graduate of Wesleyan University, having taken his degree of A.B. in 1842. His first appointment as a teacher was in Amenia Seminary, where he remained until 1848. The four succeeding years of his life were spent in the pastorate; during part of this time he was in charge of the Mulberry Street Church, New York, now St. Paul's. In 1853 he was elected Professor of Latin in the University of Michigan; this chair was exchanged in the following year for that of Rhetoric and English Literature. Dr. Haven was next made editor of *Zion's Herald*, Boston, and continued in editorial life from 1856 to 1863. While editing he served a term as State Senator, and was Chairman of the Joint Legislative Committee on Education, and was also a member of the State Board of Overseers of Harvard University. From 1863 to 1869 he was President of Michigan University; in the latter year he accepted the Presidency of the Northwestern University, at Evanston, Illinois. In the General Conference of 1872 Dr. Haven was a prominent candidate for the office of Bishop; he was elected by that Conference Secretary of the Board of Education; in 1874 he was elected Chancellor of Syracuse University, which office he has since held. During his Chancellorship the University has had $150,000 added to its permanent funds. Dr. Haven was a member of the General Conferences of 1860, 1868, 1872, and 1876. He was chairman of the Committee on Lay Delegation in the General Conference which provided for the introduction of that change in the Church.

Bishop Haven, as will be seen from this sketch, is a man of large experience. He is well ripened in mind and character, is a scholar of very various acquisitions, and a sagacious executive officer. His published works are *The Young Man Advised, Pillars of Truth*, and *Rhetoric.* The last named is a work that shows great scholarship and extensive acquaintance with literature. His contributions to the periodical literature of the Methodist Church have been very numerous.



THE REV. E. O. HAVEN, D.D., LL.D.—Elected 1880.

...METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

EARL GRANVILLE, K.G.

THE Right Hon. GRANVILLE GEORGE LEVESON-GOWER, K.G., eldest son of the first Earl, was born May 11, 1815, and was educated at Eton and Christ-church, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1834. The year after, he became *attaché* to the Embassy at Paris, and subsequently sat for Morpeth and Lichfield, until, in 1846, he succeeded to the peerage. As far back as forty years ago he was Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; in 1848 he was appointed Vice-President of the Board of Trade; in 1853 he was appointed President of the Council, and in 1855 undertook the Ministerial leadership in the House of Lords. In 1856 he represented Great Britain at the Czar's coronation in St. Petersburg. In 1859 he was appointed President of the Council in Lord PALMERSTON'S second administration, retiring when Lord RUSSELL fell in 1866. In 1868, under Mr. GLADSTONE, he became Colonial Secretary; and in 1870, on the death of Lord CLARENDON, Foreign Secretary. During the reign of the Conservatives he led the Liberal party in the House of Lords; and now, when Liberalism is again in the ascendant, he once more becomes Foreign Secretary.

Lord GRANVILLE brings to his position great experience and a profound knowledge of foreign as well as home politics, and moderate, sensible men of both parties do not fear that the honor of his country will be compromised in his hands. A different policy may prevail regarding the Eastern question, as otherwise the Liberal attacks on the foreign policy of the late Ministry during the recent contest for power would be meaningless.

Lord GRANVILLE has never attained the highest object of a British statesman's ambition, though in 1858, when he failed in his attempt to form a Ministry, he was very near that giddy eminence. There can be no doubt that his early banishment to the Peers has hindered his advancement. Had he had the luck, like Lord PALMERSTON, to be only an Irish peer, his talents and honesty would have won for him in the popular House far wider recognition.

THE STOLEN LOVE-LETTERS.

IN the uncertain flickering fire-light pretty Maggie Leslie sat pulling a rose to pieces. Her sister Kate watched her a few moments impatiently, and then said: "What are you doing, Maggie? Tired of your new lover, eh?"

"What nonsense! I am not tired of my new lover, but I am angry at my old one."

"Very likely. When a girl has discarded a country clergyman with £300 a year for a baronet with £30,000, it is likely she will be angry at the poor lover troubling her memory."

"I should dismiss the country clergyman very readily from my memory, if he permitted me. I never thought Archie Fleming could have been so mean;" and Maggie threw the poor tattered remnant of a rose passionately away from her.

"I do not believe Cousin Archie Fleming could do a mean thing, Maggie. You must be mistaken."

"I wish I was. Come closer, Kate, and I will tell you all about it;" and the two young girls seated themselves on a low ottoman in a confidential attitude.

"Now, Maggie, when and what?"

"The 'when' was two evenings ago. Sir John and I were coming across the moor, just as happy as—as anything, and I thought Archie was in London, when we met him suddenly as we turned into the Hawthorn Path. And what do you think? They rushed into each other's arms like—like two Frenchmen. I do believe they kissed each other. It was 'John,' and 'Archie,' and hand-shaking, and 'How are you, old fellow?' and that kind of thing, until I was quite disgusted. Men going on in that way are so ridiculous!

"By-and-by Sir John remembered me, and supposed 'Archie knew his fair parishioner Miss Leslie,' and Archie bowed in the most distant manner, and said 'he had the honor of being my poor cousin.' Men never can keep anything, and before we had walked a quarter of a mile Sir John had contrived to let Archie know how matters stood between us."

"That was not very pleasant, but of course you were off with the old love before you were on with the new."

"Not exactly. I had stopped writing to Archie, and if he had an ounce of sense he might have guessed the reason."

Kate shook her head and looked grave.

"Now, Kate, don't be aggravating. The case is just this. Sir John and Archie, it seems, are old school friends, and Archie has all sorts of romantic notions about fidelity to his friend, and threatens to tell Sir John how badly I have treated him."

"Then you have seen Archie?"

"Yes, I sent Davie Baird to tell him to meet me in the conservatory last night."

"How imprudent!"

"I had to do it. I wanted to coax Archie to let me off easily, and to give me back all my letters. I *must* have the letters, Kitty. I really must."

"Well?"

"Well, he said some very disagreeable things—truths he called them—and I cried, and looked just as pretty as I could. He insisted I was in love with Sir John's title and money, and not with himself; and when I said that was not true, and that I loved Sir John very dearly, he got quite in a temper. It is my belief that he would rather I married for money than love if I don't marry him. That's the selfishness of men, Kitty. I wouldn't be as mean for anything. And oh, Kitty, he said he would not give me back my letters, and I *must have them*."

"I should not worry about a few love-letters."

"Kitty, you don't know all, or you would not say that."

"Tell me 'all,' then."

"I have sent Sir John *just—the—same—letters*, word for word. You know I never was good at composition, and when Clara Joyce was here, I got her to write me some beautiful love-letters. She liked doing it, and I thought I might need them. I copied them for Archie, and they were so clever I copied them also for Sir John. Now, Kitty, if Archie should show those letters, as he said he would, how both of them would laugh at me! I could not bear it."

Kate looked very much troubled. "Indeed, Maggie, you are right," she answered. "You must have your letters; and if Archie will not give you them, they must be stolen from him; that is all about it. It would never do to let him hold such a power over your poor little head, and it would be worse after you were married than before it. You are sure that he will not give them up?"

"He said he never would give them to me."

"Perhaps he has burned them."

"Oh no, he could never bear to do that. Why, he idolizes them, Kitty. Just before he went away he told me that they were laid in rose leaves in the drawers of his Indian cabinet."

"Very good. Grandfather sent that cabinet to the parsonage. I dare say it is exactly like the one in his room. If so, it is likely grandfather's key will open the minister's."

"Oh, Kate! you durst not do such a thing!"

"I dare, under the circumstances. Of two evils one should choose the least. Anything, almost, is better than giving a rejected lover such a power over you. It would be different if it was me. I would defy him, and take the telling in my own hands."

"I could not do that. Archie might tease me to death first."

"I know, you dear, foolish little woman. But you shall have your letters, Maggie, so go to bed, and sleep soundly on my promise."

"When?"

"Perhaps to-morrow. Archie dines with the bishop to-morrow. I shall find no better opportunity, I think."

The next morning proved to be one of those drenching days quite characteristic of an English November. Still, about three o'clock, Miss Leslie insisted on riding to the village. Her grandfather made some opposition, but soon gave in to "Kate's set ways," and her decided declaration "that she would be ill without her gallop."

Arrived at the village, she stopped at the parsonage door, and nodding pleasantly to the housekeeper, who opened it, she said she was very wet, and would like to see her cousin, and dry her habit.

The parson was gone to the bishop's, but if Miss Leslie would come in, there was a fire in his parlor, and she could warm her feet, and have a warm cup of tea; and Miss Leslie, after a little affected hesitation, and a little more pressing, consented to do so.

She permitted Martha to remove her hat and bring her some tea, and then she sent her down to give the groom a glass of mulled ale. "I shall rest half an hour, Martha, and if Cousin Archie is not back by that time, I must go, or else I shall not reach home before dark."

As soon as the door was shut she glanced round the room. It was a cozy place, full of bachelor comforts, and pleasantly littered with books and papers. The Indian cabinet stood in a little recess between the two windows. She quietly selected her grandfather's key, and tried the lock. It opened at once, and with an ease that showed it was in constant use, and the first thing that greeted her was the faint scent of rose leaves.

But the letters were not in the drawers, and she was on the point of closing the cabinet in despair, when she remembered that her grandfather's had a secret door that slipped away, and hid a closet between the drawers. It was likely Archie's had the same. She sought the spring, and it responded at once to her touch, and there lay the letters, all tied together in one little bundle. There were not more than half a dozen, and Kate, with a smile of relief and satisfaction, put them in her pocket, and relocked the cabinet.

She had scarcely done so when she heard some one open the front door with a pass key, and come straight up the stairs. In a moment she had decided that it was not Archie's footstep, and that it must be one of his intimate friends. In a moment, also, she had decided that if she did not know him, he should not know her. Whoever it was, he did not at once come to the parlor; he went into an adjoining room, removed his wet coat and boots, and came lounging in, with slippers on his feet and a cigar in his mouth.

Kate had just finished arranging her hat and gloves, and was going quietly out of one door when he entered by the other. For a moment they stood and looked blankly at each other; the next, Kate advanced a few steps, and said, "I am waiting to see the clergyman. Do you know how soon he will return, sir?"

"I think he will be here immediately," answered the new-comer, whose first instinct was to say the thing most likely to detain so beautiful a girl. "I am sorry to have intruded, but I will retire at once, if you desire it."

"By no means, sir. I shall not remain longer. I expected my brother with Mr. Fleming, but as my groom is with me, there is no need to wait, especially as it is likely to be dark very early."

"I left Mr. Fleming at the bishop's, with three other clergymen. Your brother—"

"Oh, my brother is not a clergyman;" and then suddenly remembering a friend of Archie's who lived at least ten miles away, she said, "I am Miss Crowther, of Hill Top—perhaps you know Mr. Henry Crowther?"

The young gentleman looked at Kate in utter amazement. In fact, he was Mr. Henry Crowther himself, and he was not aware that he had ever had any sister. Who was this beautiful girl claiming so pleasant a kinship with him?

But almost with the announcement Kate disappeared. He watched her horse brought round, and saw her mount and ride away, and then sat down to smoke in a whirl of curiosity and excitement. "What a bright face! What frank, charming manners! What a figure! I wish to everything I had a sister—or something nice—like that girl. I do wonder who she is!" The next moment he had rung the bell, and pulled the bell-rope down.

"Lawks, Mr. Henry, I knew that was you a-ringing, which Mr. Archie never rings that outrageous way. What be you wanting, sir?"

"I want to know, Martha, who that young lady is that left the house twenty minutes ago."

"Well may you ask, sir, which to do shows your good sense. That is Miss Kate Leslie, sir—Mr. Archie's cousin—a very beautiful young lady, sir, and a good one, and proud her grandfather is of her."

"That is all, Martha."

"Very well, sir."

When Archie returned he found Harry Crowther pacing the room in the greatest impatience. "How long you have been!" he exclaimed; "and here has been the most beautiful girl waiting for you; and, by everything! she says she is my sister; and, still funnier, she did not know that I was her brother."

"What do you mean, Harry?"

"Just what I say."

"Oh, this is too bad! I must ask Martha about it. She ought not to permit strangers to come into my rooms."

"Stop, Archie; I have asked Martha. Her name was Miss Kate Leslie."

"My cousin Kate. Now what could have brought her here this wet day?" He thought immediately of his interview with Maggie, and of her anxiety about her letters. "Poor little girl," he said, mentally, "I must not punish her any longer. I will take her her letters to-morrow."

So the next afternoon he put on his hat and coat, and went to the cabinet for them. Of course they were not there. For one moment he was confounded; the next, his mind had instinctively divined the hand that had robbed him. He was very angry with his cousin Kate. He knew at once it was altogether her doing. If Maggie had even dared to try, she would have screamed in the attempt, and betrayed herself.

It was with a very stern face that he entered the parlor where Kate was sitting, and he would not see the hand she held out to him. When they were alone, she asked at once, "Why won't you shake hands, Archie?"

"How can you expect me, Kate, to take the hand—"

"'That robbed me.' Say it if you wish."

"I was going to say it. Why did you do it?"

"Because you were torturing little Maggie, and I will not have her worried about a few letters. They were hers, not yours."

"I think they were mine."

"That shows a man's honesty in love matters. The letters were sent to you under a supposition that you were to fill a certain relationship to Maggie. You were found incompetent for that position, and the favors relating to it ought to have been returned. A dismissed ambassador might just as well keep the insignia of his office."

"Sit down, Kate, and don't put yourself in a passion. Have I ever done an unkind thing to either Maggie or you since we were children together?"

"No, Archie, you have not."

"Do you really think I would?"

"You said you would tell Sir John things about Maggie, and that would be unkind. Maggie loves Sir John very much."

"I would never hurt Maggie. As your pastor, and as your cousin, let me say I think you have behaved in a very improper manner."

"Archie!"

"Very improper indeed. You ought to have come to me. I would have given you the poor dear little letters; and as for telling Sir John anything to open his eyes, I like him far too well. The only way to be happy in love is to be blind."

"You think that is very satirical, I dare say."

"No, I do not. I am waiting for your apology, Kate. You know you ought to make me one."

Kate sat, with burning cheeks, tapping the floor with her foot, and Archie stood calmly watching her. At last she said, "You are right, Archie." Then, putting her hand in her pocket: "Here are the letters. Do what you like with them. I trust you."

He took them tenderly, and throwing them into the fire, mournfully watched them turn to gray ashes. Kate's eyes were full of painful tears.

"Archie," she said, "forgive me. I acted very impulsively and very imprudently. I am ashamed of myself. There is something else I must tell you about this miserable affair. I saw a gentleman in your parlor, and I gave myself a false name to him."

"Oh, Kate, see how one fault leads to another. If you had been doing right, you would not have been ashamed to confess that you were Kate Leslie. Do you know the lady whose name you borrowed?"

"No, I know nothing about such a person."

"Then I will go with you, and you must make an apology to the family."

"Must I do this?"

"You must. It is the least you can do."

"Very well, Archie, I will do it."

But this part of her punishment was long delayed. The next morning Kate was very ill, and a severe attack of rheumatic fever confined her for weeks to her room. Then the fatigue and excitement consequent on Maggie's marriage threw her back into the inertia of invalidism, and the adventure was almost forgotten in its painful results.

As the warm weather came on she improved, and began to go into society again. One day there was to be a lawn party at the bishop's, and she promised to meet Archie there. She was sitting resting under a great oak, when she saw him coming toward her. A gentleman was with him, whom she recognized at a glance; she had introduced herself once to him as Miss Crowther. What was Archie going to do to her? She felt almost like crying; but she stood bravely up as they advanced, and in her white muslin dress, with roses at her waist and throat, she made a very lovely picture.

"Good-afternoon, Cousin Kate."

"Cousin Archie, good-afternoon."

"Kate, this is my friend Mr. Henry Crowther."

She blushed violently, but she did not lose her self-possession. "I have met Mr. Crowther before, once, when I was on a little private masquerade, and assumed the character of his sister. I hope I am forgiven."

"If I had a sister, she would have been honored by the assumption. Since the momentary favor I have never ceased to regret my want."

They sat long under the pleasant shade, and in the evening rode slowly home together under the July moon. Before they parted both had acknowledged to their hearts an interest that might be a dearer tie than even that of brother and sister.

For a few weeks Harry Crowther was constantly coming with Archie to call on the Leslies, either for one pretext or another. Then he began to come by himself, and to come without any pretext at all. It had been long evident to Archie that Harry and Kate loved each other very dearly, and at last even the dim eyes of her grandfather began to perceive how matters stood.

"Kitty," he said, one night, after waiting patiently through a "good-night" that lasted an hour and a half—"Kitty, why does Harry Crowther come here so often?"

"Because we do not believe in writing, grandfather. Love-letters once nearly cost me my life;" and leaning fondly on her grandfather's neck, Kitty told him the fault of which she had been guilty, and the pain and shame it had caused her.

"Never pays, Kitty, to do evil that good may come; the price is too high."

"You forgive me, grandfather?"

"Yes, Kitty, with all my heart."

"Harry has forgiven me too. You see, after taking his name in jest, it is right I make the *amende honorable* by taking it in earnest. So, grandfather, if you will let me, I am going to be Mrs. Crowther instead of Miss Crowther. May Harry ask you to-morrow?"

"Yes, he may ask me. He has asked you, I suppose?"

"Oh yes."

"And we are to have a wedding, and no love-letters. I never heard of such a thing."

"A wedding, and no love-letters, grandfather. Love-letters are slow, and old-fashioned, and very dangerous. We have adopted visits and telegraphs in their place."

IRISH LEGENDS.

IRELAND is a land of such antiquity that a puzzled historian, looking through the records, laments, "To give an account of the first inhabitants of Ireland, I am obliged to begin at the creation of the world." Naturally there clings about it a wealth of legend and tradition rivalling that of far Eastern countries.

Upon the authority of St. Fintan, a convert of St. Patrick, it may be affirmed that Ireland was colonized before the flood. Geraldus Cambrensis heard the story during the twelfth century, and duly noted it. The *Annals of Ireland*, by James Grace, prepared in the reign of Henry VIII., enlighten the reader fully as to the fact. "Cesarea, niece of Noah," he writes, "aware of the coming of the flood, sailed for Ireland, and was the first person who landed there. She was accompanied by three men only, and she hoped that this land alone, seeing it was uninhabited and waste, would be saved from the Divine judgment which the sons of men were bringing on the rest of the world." Unfortunately we have no further information except that the lady protector of the three men came to Littus Naviculaurum, wherever that may have been. It is conjectured, however, that this quadruple alliance was dissolved unpleasantly by the rising of the water.

Homer, some three thousand years ago, wrote that "far off within the sea the Isle Ogygia lay." O'Flaherty called his history *Ogygia*, believing the Homeric isle to be Ireland. Plutarch says that Ogygia, where Saturn was enchanted, was five days' sail west of Britain. The Irish mail does not take so long now to cross over, but some Irish saints who went to Christianize the Cornish folks were seven days in the passage in the boat of the period. Pythias of Massilia wrote an account of Thule, the furthest land, being six days voyage from Britain, and he stated that Ireland was west of Britain. Strabo, the Roman geographer, some four hundred years later, derided the ignorance and untruthfulness of Pythias. He knew that the furthest land to the north of Gaul was Ireland, "which," said he, "being situated beyond Britain [northward], is by reason of the cold with difficulty inhabited, so that all beyond it is reckoned uninhabitable."

Ireland was the hyperborean isle of the period. As Brittia, it was known to stretch to the north, and was associated by Procopius with ghosts, serpents, and death. It was the "Land of Souls," usually placed in an island westward, and believed by the old Irish to be west of themselves. Claudian wrote: "At the extreme coast of Gaul is a spot protected from the tides of the ocean, where Odysseus by bloodshed allured forth the silent folk. There are heard wailing cries and the light fluttering around of the shadows. And the natives there see pale, statue-like figures and dead corpses wandering." We are led to wonder if the Roman poet had heard of the Irish Banshee. Yet Tacitus speaks as if it were no ghost region, saying, "Its ports are better known for trade, and

more frequented by merchants, than those of Britain.

In the *Leabhar Gamhla*, or *Book of Invasions*, there is an account of an attempt at colonization under Parthalon, about 1500 B.C. Another manuscript gives the date 2048 B.C. One calls him Partholendus, and somebody says he came to Ireland just three hundred years after the deluge. He was a Greek or a Scythian, but a descendant of Gomer. He came from Greece, and the Welsh Triads that give him a bad character assert that he was a pirate from Spain. He was accompanied by his wife, three sons, and their wives. The number of eight suggests the story of Noah. Parthalon had others besides his own family, even soldiers, affording some ground for the Welsh suspicions. He arrived at Inverskene, now in Kerry County, upon a Tuesday, the fourteenth day of the May moon. The narrative is exact in some of its particulars. He was not quite pleased with Kerry, and moved round to the site of Dublin, attracted by the lovely Ben Eider, or Hill of Howth. Here he found some giants, whom he had to reduce to order. One of these giants managed to live to the time of St. Patrick. At least the huge monster was said to have been raised from his grave by the saint, duly baptized a Christian, and then allowed to lie down in his stony bed for good without further molestation. Parthalon never forsook Dublin Bay. After a residence of three hundred years at Howth, a terrible *thaum*, or pestilence, carried off the whole party. The reputed grave of Parthalon is still shown to travellers upon a cromlech on the glorious Hill of Howth, but it has never been ascertained how the news of the destruction was handed down, unless by the giant restored to life for a few minutes by St. Patrick.

In Mrs. Wilkes's *Ur of the Chaldees* may be read what can be said on behalf of Ireland's being the land from which Abraham came. The Shinar of Bardic stories is thus placed in Europe. Certainly Tara is like the name of Abraham's father, and Padan-aram may possibly have become St. Padan's Well. Laban, like Ireland, is connected with the harp. In both Iiish and Hebrew *Ur* means *fire*. The Teraphim referred by the Koran to Terah may have been like a Buddhist relic. The trees of the Jacob narrative belong more to Ireland than Syria, and the peeled rods are suggestive of Druidical learning. Iberia may have to do with Heber of the Irish legends, or the father of the Hebrews. Still, if Ireland were the Ur of the Chaldees, the travelling to and fro between it and Canaan must have been rather wearisome, even with camels. Though we may see camels kneeling to drink upon the Irish stone cross, it does not quite prove the story of Rebekah to have been an Irish transaction. The book, however, has some curious coincidences in it.

Those who have assumed the name of Fenians in our time are not quite like the genuine Fenians of Ireland, though these gave a world of trouble to the authorities in their own day. But some Fenian tactics were employed to get rid of them, and Ireland was no worse for their summary removal. Yet though those not killed in fair fight were afterward murdered in foul play, they had been long enough in the country to influence the blood of the present generation of Irishmen. Their crimes, which provoked the vengeance of the Irish nation, were forgotten in their destruction, and the soft light of romance has been thrown about their memory. The identity of the Fenians is difficult to establish. Vallency thinks the Finne, Fiana, or Fillfinne were armed soldiery, and that every province had its Curaithe or Curaidhe, militia commanded by a Finn. An Irish MS. calls them military tyrants and enslavers. Some confound them with the Fomora, or Formorians, others fetch them from Finland. Irish air had the same effect upon the Fenians as upon the other races of that lively country. They were always quarrelling among themselves. Finally all Ireland became tired of them. Decent people were shocked at their irreligion, for one poet says:

"Oh, how sorrowful was the choice
The Fenians of Fion preferred—
That their hounds should be sweeter to them
Than to be praying to the saints."

King Cairbre undertook to put down the nuisance, and gathered 28,000 of the best warriors. The Fenians sent to their brethren in Britain, Scotland, and elsewhere, but only secured 21,000 in all. The desperate battle of Gabhra was fought in June, 283, and ended in the slaughter of 12,000 of the royal troops, but 18,000 of the Fenians. The remainder of the latter were effectually and speedily hunted down, so that the race was exterminated.

The last Fenian was Oisin, the poet, son of Fionn O'Baoisgne whose father was slain in battle. Oisin detailed his adventures to St. Patrick, who did his best to convert him, but utterly failed in his purpose. The poet declared that as he was running away from the fight he met a most lovely young lady, superbly dressed, who promised to save his life if he would promise to marry her. Nothing loath, like a good Fenian, she took him up on her white horse. Off the animal bounded, over the sea, to a city of delights. There he married the princess, and lived happily enough for three hundred years. After that time he sighed for old Ireland, and asked his wife to allow him to go on a visit. She granted his request, gave him a magical horse, but told him on no account to get off the animal's back. Thus mounted, he bounded over the sea, and came to Erin. Going to the old Fenian haunts, he inquired about his friends. No one knew them. "But they are Fenians," he explained. "And who are the Fenians?" asked the people. The poor fellow was puzzled. At last a very aged man was brought who remembered, when a little boy, hearing a very aged man tell an old story about a race of men called the Fenians. Oisin, who had no idea that he had been three hundred years away, was utterly confounded. In his amazement he got off his horse. The animal at once flew off home, and the Fenian poet found himself both old and blind. In that state he met with St. Patrick. A part of his story gives the Fenian conception of heaven:

"It is the most delightful country to be found,
Of greatest repute under the sun;
Trees drooping with fruit and blossom,
And foliage growing on the tops of boughs.

"Abundant there are honey and wine,
And everything that eye has beheld;
There will not come decline on thee with lapse of time,
Death or decay thou wilt not see.

"Thou wilt get feasts, playing, and drink;
Thou wilt get melodious music on the harp strings;
Thou wilt get silver and gold;
Thou wilt also get many jewels.

"Thou wilt get a hundred virgins gay and young—
Bright, effulgent, like the sun;
Of best form, shape, and appearance,
Whose voices are sweeter than the music of birds."

The stanzas run on to a great number, but these are a fair sample. With such anticipations of the future, Oisin, the blind old Fenian, turned a deaf ear to the story of St. Patrick's purgatory.

There is a wonderful Irish story about a stone on which the ancient kings of Munster were crowned after a primitive but not uncommon fashion. If any sat thereon, with no blood-right to the throne, it gave no sign; but when the true heir pressed it, a miraculous sound of approval was heard. O'Flaherty tells us: "Since the incarnation of our blessed Lord, it has produced no such sounds." We are not informed of the connection between the Babe of Bethlehem and the *Lia Fail*. The reputed travelling adventures of this stone constitute a greater marvel than its speaking powers. It was the stone set up by Jacob for his pillow. He or somebody else took the trouble, some hundred years after, to hunt it up, and carry it to Egypt. When the Irish Milesian colonists left that land with Pharaoh's daughter, it came along to Ireland. Ages afterward some one took it to Scotland. It was St. Colomba's pillow. It was the Scottish coronation stone. It was stolen from Scone by Edward I. It is now known as the coronation stone of Westminster Abbey. All this, and more, was honestly believed by writers and historians until lately. Now several accounts are given that throw more than a shade of doubt upon the romance. Mr. James Mason is prepared to show that the canny Scots substituted a rough building stone for the genuine article when ordered to send it to London. But Dr. Petrie, the learned and excellent antiquary, is convinced that the real stone never went to Scone at all, but that the *Lia Fail* is still in Ireland, standing on the site of Tara's Halls.

LOST AND MISSING.

Amongst the many curious phases of human existence, none are invested with a greater degree of interest than those which relate to the occasional disappearance of society's units, and which deal with the circumstances attending their absence from the circle or sphere in which they have lived and moved. Statisticians tell us that a surprising number of individuals disappear mysteriously each year from the circle of their acquaintance; and police records similarly inform us of the large proportion of such cases in which no clew is obtained to the whereabouts or existence of missing men and women. Indeed, from all accounts, it seems a tolerably easy matter to get lost beyond recognition or finding; and the annals of detective science are no better prepared with an answer to the query about missing persons than ordinary society would be to reply to the familiar question, "What becomes of the pins?" It will be understood that we are referring to those cases of inexplicable disappearance in which no adequate reason can be assigned, in the first instance at any rate, for the mystery of absence. True, this mystery may be explained in the plainest but saddest fashion by the discovery of the missing body, although the records of medical jurisprudence teem with examples wherein the identity of the lost individual becomes a matter of the gravest doubt and uncertainty. And thus we note that amongst the unwonted phases of human life there stand forth prominently those in which, first, a case of disappearance gives rise to the vain search for or to the discovery of the missing body, and in which, secondly, science appears to assist in the work of identification—this latter being in many cases a difficult and sometimes a hopeless labor, impeded by the grim and even ludicrous force of circumstances. The well-worn adage that "truth is stranger than fiction" finds nowhere a better illustration than in the histories stored up in the note-book of the medical jurist. And the records of a police station may in their own way furnish the imagination with a more fertile field than has yet been encompassed by the most facile pen of a Hugo or a Sue.

Allusion has just been made to the difficulty experienced in the work of identification, even by the most intimate relations and friends of the missing person. Many examples of this difficulty may be cited, the indefinite nature of the task arising probably as much from the alteration in appearance produced by the "chilly hand" which sets the features in repose, as from any other cause. The lapse of a few hours after death may effect grave change in the cast or *pose* of the human face, as every doctor knows; and police authorities, who have to do with the identification of the dead as well as of the living, are accustomed to receive with justifiable care and caution the statements made by most persons in cases of disputed identity.

A comparatively short time ago an instance of this fact was afforded in a Northern English city. The body of a woman of dissolute habits was found under circumstances which rendered the theory of her having been murdered an extremely probable hypothesis. The question naturally arose as to the name and identity of the victim. Several persons were found ready to declare that the body in question was no other than that of M. N., with whom they had daily associated. Interrogated closely upon this point, they still adhered to the exact statement they had made; and their opinion was supported by at least one fact, namely, that M. N. had not been seen in her usual haunts for some days prior to the discovery of the body. Identification in this case seemed to be little short of a certainty, when it occurred to a shrewd police officer to make assurance doubly sure by visiting the city prison, with the view of ascertaining whether the person in question might not be incarcerated within its walls. His search was duly rewarded by the discovery that M. N. was there undergoing a short term of imprisonment, ignorant of the circumstances under which she was credited with being "with the majority" whilst still alive and well. A suggestion gravely made in connection with this case, that the body was that of a certain A. B., was indignantly refuted by A. B. herself walking into the police station and confronting her anxious friends.

But the apparent impossibility of identifying even near relations may be aptly illustrated by a reference to a case decided in the Vice-Chancellor's Court so recently as 1866. This latter was a suit in which the plaintiff, Holliss, wished to establish the death of a person named William Turner. Turner was last seen alive on the 7th of May, 1865, when he was entertained at Guildford. He then presented an emaciated appearance; his mind was unsettled and weak; he was unshaven, and suffering from boils and sores, which were dressed at the last-named place. On the 17th of May a drowned body was found in the river Wey, and at the inquest, which was summoned on the 17th, two men named Etherington swore to the corpse as that of their father, who was missing at the period in question. The friends who had entertained Turner at Guildford, on the other hand, declared their belief that the body was that of William Turner; but it was nevertheless duly interred as that of Philip Etherington. On the neck of the drowned man a colored neckerchief was found, this article assisting in the ultimate identification of the body, which was effected some months afterward, on Philip Etherington, the supposed drowned subject, walking into his daughter's house. The question who was the drowned man was then revived. The proofs were clearly brought out at last. William Turner had left behind him at Guildford a fragment of a handkerchief; this fragment being found to correspond exactly with the article removed from the neck of the drowned body, and the fact that the sores of William Turner had been dressed at Guildford, recalled to mind the fact that similar traces of disease were discernible on the drowned man. To the Vice-Chancellor's mind the chain of evidence was complete and satisfactory, and judgment was given establishing the identity of William Turner and the drowned man. Yet the two sons of Etherington were positive as to the identity of the body with their father, who in his turn must have remained utterly ignorant during his absence from home concerning the quandary into which that absence had led his friends and others.

More astounding, because absolutely true, and in the highest degree perplexing as illustrating the curious and remarkable coincidences of human life, are cases in which a confusion of identity, and even of name, may assist in blindfolding justice in a most singular and bewildering fashion. In December, 1831, a woman named Elizabeth Ross was tried at the Old Bailey for the murder of an Irishwoman named Caroline Walsh. After much solicitation on the part of Ross and her husband, Walsh had consented to live with them, and on the evening of the 19th of August, 1831, the deceased went to the residence of Ross in Goodman's Fields, taking with her as her belongings a bed and a basket; the latter contained the tapes and other odds and ends which Walsh was accustomed to sell by way of earning a scanty livelihood. All traces of Caroline Walsh disappeared on the evening of August 19; and when Ross was interrogated respecting her visitor and lodger, she at first replied in an unsatisfactory fashion, but ultimately stated that Walsh had left her house on the 19th, and that nothing had been heard of her lodger since. Circumstances, however, came to the knowledge of the police which resulted in Ross being duly arraigned for the murder of Caroline Walsh, and it was proved by the testimony of Ross's son that his mother had suffocated Walsh on the evening of August 19, and had disposed of her body for anatomical purposes.

Now appears, however, a most singular element in the case. On the evening of August 20 an old woman, giving her name as Caroline Welsh, was found lying in the neighborhood of Goodman's Fields in a state of squalor and filth, and was duly conveyed to the London Hospital. There it was discovered that she had sustained a fracture of the hip, and after a few days' residence in the hospital the patient died, and was duly interred. At the trial it was argued on behalf of Ross that the Caroline Welsh of the London Hospital was in reality her late lodger; and hence it became important to settle the marvellous identity which had thus arisen between the missing lodger and the hospital patient. The former, as has been stated, was an Irishwoman; but so also was Caroline Welsh. It was found out, however, that Caroline Walsh came from Kilkenny, whilst the hospital patient hailed from Waterford.

This first point of difference was speedily followed by the discovery of other distinctions fatal to the prisoner's case. Caroline Walsh was described as being about eighty-four years of age, tall, of a pale complexion, and had gray hair. Caroline Welsh, who died in hospital, was about sixty years of age; she was also tall, but was of dark complexion. Further, Caroline Walsh was cleanly in person, and exhibited no defect in physical conformation. Caroline Welsh was dirty and emaciated, and her feet were so covered with corns and bunions as to present the appearance of being deformed. In dress, however, the two women were very much alike; and, more curious still, both possessed baskets of similar make, that of Welsh having a cover, which the basket of Walsh wanted.

It may be said that with the evidence as to the difference between the women in question, and with positive evidence as to the death of Walsh, little doubt could have existed as to the identity of each. But the confused identity of name, dress, and occupation was effectually set at rest by one remarkable observation, namely, that Caroline Walsh, the murdered woman, was known to possess very perfect front teeth—a fact sufficiently remarkable in a woman of her age to attract the attention even of unscientific observers. Now Caroline Welsh was found to possess no front teeth, and the medical evidence given at the trial proved that the sockets of the front teeth had been obliterated in the hospital patient for a very lengthened period. This latter difference between Caroline Walsh and Caroline Welsh was too typical to be combated by the ingenuity of counsel and by the circumstances which favored the prisoner's defense, and Elizabeth Ross was found guilty, and duly executed for her crime. It formed a notable fact of this inquiry that the body of Caroline Walsh was never discovered, although the London dissecting-rooms were duly searched. But the case against Ross was rendered the more conclusive when the granddaughters of Caroline Walsh, on being shown the remains of Welsh, distinctly alleged that the body was not that of their relative.

The presence of peculiarities of various kinds in the bodies of persons who are lost or missing is, as has just been remarked, often of the utmost value in identifying their remains. A case in point occurred in Scotland, where a skeleton was disinterred from a sandy sea-beach, an examination of the remains being duly ordered by the authorities. In the course of the investigation the medical examiners discovered that the lower portion of the spine was diseased, and from the nature of the lesion they were enabled to state that the individual in question must have walked with a marked peculiarity of gait. This clew, patiently followed up, showed that the skeleton was that of a carter, who had been deformed, and who was buried at night in the sand by his friends to avoid the chances of his body being stolen for anatomical purposes by the "resurrectionists" of his day. A similar case is related by Orfila, the celebrated Continental expert, in which a man named Bonino, residing near Montpellier, suddenly disappeared in 1823. In 1826 certain suspicions attaching to the disappearance induced the authorities to examine the garden of one Dimont, with the result of discovering the bones of a human body. Bonino was well known to have labored under a six-fingered deformity in the right hand, and to have possessed six toes on the left foot. The two smaller toes of the left foot were missing in the otherwise perfect skeleton; but on the fifth toe a surface or hollow, to which an additional toe could have been attached, was plainly discernible. In the right hand the bones of the sixth finger were absent, but the palm-bone supporting the little finger exhibited the appearance of having given support to an extra digit. The left hand and right foot were complete and entire. This evidence, supported by collateral circumstances, told against Dimont and a woman, his partner in the crime, and both suffered the extreme penalty of the law.

CATCHING COLD.

Some people are always catching cold, even by taking the greatest precautions. Perhaps, however, the very means adopted are in a measure productive of disorder, as in some unguarded moment the bodily frame may be exposed to unwonted temperature. Of the absurdity of being insufficiently clad in retiring from a heated room, enough and to spare has been said, but the insane practice still continues. Ignorance can not be accepted as a plea in that matter, but the London *Lancet* calls attention to a cause of cold doubtless quite new to a host of people. Dilating upon the subject, the writer observes that it is questionable whether attention has been sufficiently directed to the part the wind plays in producing alterations of blood pressure in localities of the surface. In rude health this may be an unimportant consideration, but in the case of persons of low vitality this "bracing" may not occur, or almost instantly subside, and congestion of deep organs may then be mechanically produced by long exposure to the force of strong wind. In the old coaching days facial paralysis was a well-recognized result of sitting with the face to the wind at an open window. In the more rapidly moving railway carriage of to-day the angle of incidence and reflection throws the current of air on the passenger sitting one seat removed from the window, or the current of air strikes the back of the carriage, and is passed round behind the necks of the passengers, as any one may demonstrate with a lighted match. In all these instances it is the force as much as the temperature of the jet of air which produces the results sometimes experienced from "sitting in a draught." The question arises whether this little fact, taken in connection with others, may not hereafter be found to throw some new light on the nature of "cold" and its morbid phenomena. Perhaps, after all, "cold catching" is, in part at least, a process in which the blood is forcibly driven out of a particular area of the surface, while the vitality of its nerves is diminished by mechanical depression. A very small jet of air playing continually on a limited space will give some hypersensitive individuals a severe cold.

"A FIRST SNUB."

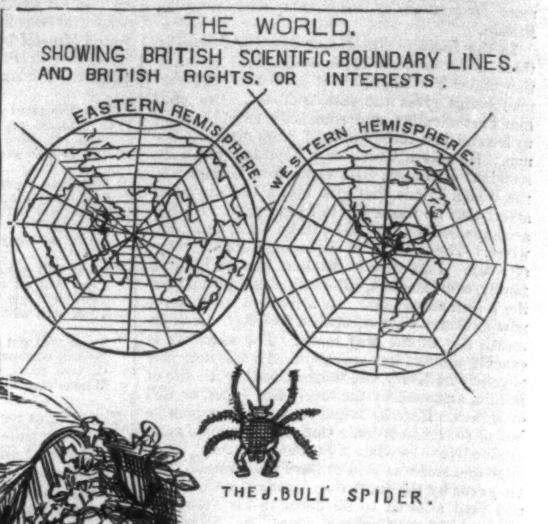
"England's duty to her colonies requires that she should assert their rights in this matter. France, Spain, and Holland, and all the American powers, can scarcely accept the proclamation of Yankee sovereignty over the whole Western Hemisphere. Brazil and Chili are not likely to submit to it. Powerful as is the North American Union, it is not so strong as to be able to defy the public opinion of the world, which would assuredly, in such a question as this, be on the side of the nation which took its stand on legality. Even the most zealous advocate of peace at any price must be anxious to uphold the binding nature of treaties voluntarily concluded between friendly states, and therefore it must be hoped that Mr. Gladstone, Lord Granville, and Mr. Bright will not be frightened by Yankee bluster into any cession of the British rights so wisely stipulated for by Lord Palmerston thirty years ago.

"They will be the less able to do so if public opinion keeps a close watch on this affair, and having understood whose interests are involved in the excitement of the Bulwer-Clayton Treaty, determine that this convention shall not be set aside for the mere sake of making things pleasant with the United States."—*The Pall Mall Gazette, London, May 1, 1880.*

"The prospective abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is a result which may be credited thus far to the visit of M. De Lesseps to America. M. De Lesseps and his new enterprise have given the signal for its death-blow.

"The construction of the canal is a work in which the whole civilized world is interested. The concern of England or any other country in the matter is less than that of the United States, but it is real and considerable. We can hardly find in any circumstance a justification of the exclusive rights of control which the Americans seem inclined to assert. We can quite understand the dislike they have to the intrusion of foreign influences into any part of their hemisphere. The establishment there of any fresh European power might be a cause of danger and difficulty to them, but the jealousy they feel in the matter of the canal is not thus to be explained and excused.

"The treaty they dislike, and are on the point of abrogating, forbids, in express words, the very thing they fairly seek to guard against; but it forbids, too, any selfish and unequal use by any nation of the projected new way, and it is this, we fear, which is the most real cause of the disfavor which has been bestowed upon it."—*The Times, London, April 19, 1880.*



AN OLD FAMILY QUARREL.

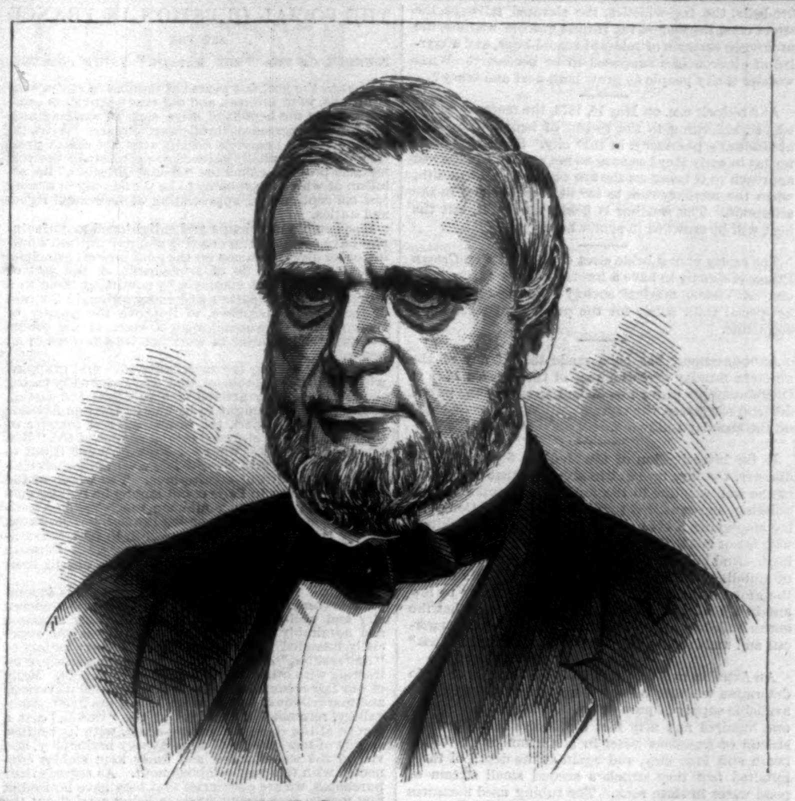
Sir John Absolute Overreach to Miss Columbia. "Why don't you keep your temper—*as I do?* I am not afraid of your Yankee bluster!"

CHIEF JUSTICE CHURCH.

The Hon. Sanford E. Church, who died suddenly of apoplexy on the 14th of May, at Albion, New York, first entered public life as a member of Assembly from Orleans County in 1842, and was the only member of the Democratic party in the House from the Eighth District. He took immediate and prominent rank as a debater, and displayed that prudence and sagacity as a politician which has characterized him since. In 1857 he was elected Comptroller of the State, and served his term of three years. In 1867 he was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention as one of the delegates at large. In June, 1870, he was elevated to the Chief Justiceship of the Court of Appeals, having received the largest vote cast at the election for any member of that court. Judge Church has been a member of several of the National Conventions of the Democratic party; and at the National Convention held at Tammany Hall, in 1868, received the vote of the New York delegation for the Presidency.

THE VESUVIUS RAILWAY.

Modern engineering skill has achieved another triumph in the completion of a railway to the edge of the crater of Mount Vesuvius. In design it resembles the "switch-back" roads of our Pennsylvania mountains, the motive power being a stationary engine placed at the foot of the cone. The line is 900 meters in length, and has been constructed upon a solid foundation, so that it is believed to be secure against the operation of any flow of lava. The cars are drawn upward by steel ropes, and controlled in their descent by the same means. The danger of their springing from the track is reduced by the peculiar construction of the wheels; and each car is furnished with a powerful automatic brake, which, in case of the snapping of a rope, or any other accident, is supposed to arrest its course almost instantaneously. One of the chief difficulties of the undertaking was the lack of water supply, but this has been obviated by the building of a large reservoir at each terminus of the road.



SANFORD E. CHURCH.—Photographed by R. E. Churchill, Albany.

A railway to the crater of Vesuvius will, perhaps, bring much satisfaction to the mind of the traveller who in "doing" Europe works against time, but probably there are many who will feel indifferent to rapid transit at this particular point. Formerly the ascent of Vesuvius possessed all the charm of overcoming difficulties and conquering the waste places of nature, not by machinery, but through a stout heart and no small display of physical power. Starting from Resina, aided by horses, and directed by a trustworthy guide, the traveller passed over the road through the vineyards, and thence over the lava streams to the Observatory. There was no racket of the steam-whistle in the air, or suggestion of any comparison between the cinders strewn by the wrath of the great mountain and those emitted by the spiteful puff of a locomotive. A short distance beyond the Observatory the difficulties of the trip, now made so easy by means of rails and steel ropes, began. If there was an eruption going on, the ascent could not be made unless the wind blew so strongly that there was reasonable certainty of the ejected matter being driven in one certain direction. An hour's climbing up a rugged sweep of loose masses of pumice-stone was required to bring the visitor to the summit, where, under the direction of the guide, the crater could be examined. Now all these difficulties are obviated. A simple railway ride of a few minutes places one in possession of the mystery of Vesuvius. The scientists tell us, however, that the great mountain is even now threatening another outburst. It would, perhaps, suggest the idea of poetic vengeance to certain minds if Vesuvius, in ecstatic fury, tossed off this "modern improvement" as a thing too intolerable to be borne.

It is a well-known fact that the famous Hermitage, the Observatory, and now this new rail-

THE NEW RAILWAY TO THE SUMMIT OF VESUVIUS.

way, are located, not on any shifting base furnished by modern Vesuvius, but on a rocky ridge remaining from the days when Somma's peaceable crest graced the same spot. La Somma had none of the gloom of the burning mountain that now seems suspended as an eternal menace to the inhabitants of Naples. It was a rural and charming mountain, wooded from its base to its summit. The merchants of Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Naples used to spend here their leisure time, and many wealthy Romans from all parts of Italy had country houses in the neighborhood. Vesuvius, born of Somma, and seated within the encircling grasp of its parent, is a variable heap thrown up from time to time, and again, not seldom, by a greater effort of the same force, tossed away into the air, and scattered in clouds of dust over far countries. Thus it has happened often that Vesuvius in the course of these variations of energy has risen to a conical height exceeding that of Somma by 500 or 600 feet, and again the top has been truncated to a level as low as Somma, or even as much below that mountain as we now behold it above. In this way two classes of form arise in the study of Vesuvius. One may be called the old or Somma form, left after violent and exhaustive efforts of the volcano; the other the new and variable form which it pleases the uneasy mountain to assume.

When, in 1844, the Observatory was first erected, advantage was taken of a long and narrow ridge of rock on Mount Cantaroni, almost at the foot of the actual cone of the volcano. Owing, however, to the elevation of this ridge, and the sharp point which it presents to any stream of lava, the position of the building is much safer than it at first appears. Here the intrepid Professor PALMIERI spends his time, graciously hospitable to the visitors attracted to his retreat either by the charms of scientific observation or the new railway. The Professor, who receives a considerable yearly salary for the pursuit of his valuable investigations, has shown himself a most courageous savant in clinging to his post. He has apparently determined to devote his life to the study of the mountain, and nothing daunts him. During the great eruption of 1872 the flood of lava which devastated the slopes around was cleft in two by the ridge upon which the frail structure stands. Notwithstanding the great risk, the Professor remained at the Observatory throughout, and it is to his fidelity that we owe a complete history of that eruption.

The view from this point when the great mountain is throwing forth its molten streams is said to be most wonderful. The building seems to be situated in a sea of lava, which curls around in great fantastic waves, sometimes rising many feet in height, and at others showing traces of an overwhelmed tree or house. Before the spectator rises the grim, cinder-strewn cone, silently smoking, and emitting an occasional shock or rumble, all of which is carefully registered by the delicate instruments inside the Observatory. These mark automatically the duration of the shock, its intensity, the particular part of the crater in which it takes place, and its direction, as well as the exact time at which it occurred. During each of the more recent eruptions the most valuable results have been chronicled by the Professor, who has been able to calm the exaggerated fears of the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, who were terrified at the threatening appearance of the mountain, by making a very fair forecast of the proceedings of the volcano, his accuracy, of course, increasing with every year's experience. Through careful observations Professor PALMIERI has also ascertained that during an eruption the full moon has a curious stimulating effect upon the activity of the mountain.

The good effects which have followed the establishment of the magnetic and seismometric observatories on the mountain and at Naples, under the direction of Professor PALMIERI, deserve the highest praise; and it may be permitted to hope that the fragments of old Somma, on which stand the Hermitage and Observatory and the railway, may not be overwhelmed with the lava currents which sweep round them, and fill the neighboring valleys in spite of San Salvatore and Cantaroni.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE season for open windows has fully come, and half deafened and more than half distracted by discordant street noises, we think almost enviously of the British metropolis. A society has lately been formed in London for the suppression of street nuisances; and if it is successful in the war it proposes to wage, happy indeed will be the sick, the nervous, and the brain-workers of that great city. This society intends to bring before Parliament a bill making it illegal "for any vender of food or other commodity, any hawker of newspapers or other periodicals, or any other person, to call, bawl, or cry his or her wares, merchandise, or occupation, or otherwise to attempt to attract attention by making discordant noises, whether by the human voice, or by blowing horns, or ringing bells." Hand-organs are also to be under such restrictions as not to be a torment to sensitive ears. Proper legal enactments in regard to this matter of street cries, judiciously carried out, would be a blessed boon to a multitude of citizens in New York and Brooklyn. The summer days are made distressing to hundreds and thousands by the incessant and hideous noises that jar upon the ear. In large cities many street noises are, of course, inevitable, chiefly the rumbling of cars, carts, and carriages. But for the law to allow to be added to these necessary evils unearthly noises made by private venders of articles for sale savors of a barbarous age, and is simply a cruelty to the sick and nervously sensitive. For a little while after daybreak there is comparative quiet, the milkman's whoop ringing out with solitary distinctness; then follow through the livelong hours of the day the fish-monger's shrill cry, the junk-man's ceaseless jingle, "horse-rad*ish*," "strawber*rees*," the scissors-grinder's bell, the wood-vender's call, the harshly reiterated "fine ripe bananas," "brooms, brooms," "old clo's, cash for old clo's," and scores of similar cries, whose mere mention would tediously expand this paragraph. All these in addition to the ice carts, the coal carts, the fire-bells, the fog-whistles, the elevated railways, the street cars, the stages, the frantic grocers' wagons, the prolonged screams of released school-boys, and a myriad of other noises supposed to be necessary. What wonder if city people *do* grow both deaf and crazy?

At 3 o'clock P.M. on May 10, 1874, the mercury reached 94°, according to the record of temperature kept at Hudnut's pharmacy, in this city. Since that time no day in early May has been so hot as that, the nearest approach to it being on the 9th of the present month, when the mercury rose to 86° at three o'clock in the afternoon. The weather is fickle, no doubt, but the heat will be crowded in somewhere.

The pretty young bride elect of the Austrian Crown Prince is shortly to have a foretaste of her future honors. A Vienna musical society is going to Brussels by special train solely for the purpose of serenading Stephanie.

Announcement has been made that if any of the nineteen Sunday performances of the *Passion Play* at Oberammergau prove insufficient to supply the public demand for places, the representation will be repeated on the Monday following.

In the investigation of the Madison Square Garden disaster, the jury brought in a verdict that the falling of the wall was due to the faulty construction of the building, and censured the Harlem Railroad Company for employing a civil engineer to act as an architect who is not conversant with the construction of buildings. And added, "We also censure the Department of Buildings for negligence in their duty in allowing the aforesaid addition to be erected contrary to law and in a faulty manner, and we recommend that the entire building be taken down, as we deem it dangerous and unfit for the purposes of public assemblages."

An Artesian well is being bored in Boston in order to determine whether or not there is under the city an available supply of pure water. At the depth of about one hundred and fifty feet the borers found a small stream of excellent water in a stratum of gravel beneath stiff blue clay, and again at the depth of three hundred feet they struck a second small stream of good water in slate rock. The tubing used measures eight and a half inches outside diameter, and is one-fourth of an inch thick. The weight now operating on the rock is about three thousand pounds, the drill itself weighing about sixteen hundred pounds.

We quote from an exchange: "The fountain in front of the Post-office is surrounded every night between twelve and one o'clock by milkmen who stop to water their—horses."

Foreign journals inform us that a London physician has found a remedy by which an attack of gout may be cured in two days; but what benefit will this be to sufferers when neither the name of the physician nor of the remedy is given?

Londoners desire to obtain American apples in their perfection. But at present they often reach England in a bruised condition. The London *Magazine of Pharmacy* says there is no reason why this fruit should not be imported in a fresh and perfect condition. It recommends the use of a soft kind of tissue-paper to envelop each apple, this paper having previously been soaked in a solution of salicylic acid, and dried before it is used. The alcoholic solution, diluted with as much water as it will bear without precipitating the acid, is the best preparation. Every precaution should be taken to prevent bruising the fruit when packing it, and it should be so snugly packed that it will not move during the voyage.

It is estimated that over six thousand different kinds of postage stamps have been issued in the various countries of the world.

Next fall the new National Museum at Washington will probably be ready for use. It is an extensive structure of one high story, covering about two acres of ground. The interior is divided into seventeen large halls for the government collections, and numerous small rooms for laboratories, offices, and the general work of scientific investigation and classification.

During the past winter a house of ice was built in Moscow, in imitation of the one which was constructed by the Empress Anna Ivanovna at St. Petersburg, on the river Neva. It was built on the pond of the Zoological Gardens, and occupied about fifty feet square, including the space inclosed by the ice railing. The house itself was about twelve feet high, with a roof some nine feet higher, and built in the form of a parallelogram. The sight of this house of ice, illuminated by electricity, has been a novel attraction to the pleasure-seekers of Moscow, and a spectacle well worth seeing.

AN Excursion Train will leave Chicago, June 16, 1880, by the *Chicago and Northwestern Railway*, for California and Oregon State Fair. Rates very low. Address Rev. ISAAC DILLON, Methodist Book Concern, Chicago, Ill.—[*Com.*]

"Nothing but Compound Oxygen Saved Me."

"COMPOUND Oxygen has certainly *done wonders in my case*," writes a gentleman from Eufaula, Indian Territory. "Before I commenced taking the Oxygen I had taken in the way of medicine about everything that was recommended for Consumption to no effect. *I had been sick in bed for about thirty-eight months* in all, and in *less than three months* from the time I began taking the Oxygen *I was up and getting about*. Had been *given up by the doctors to die* time and again; but I still live, and *believe that nothing else but Compound Oxygen saved me*." A letter received five months later from a brother of this gentleman says: "Your Compound Oxygen has in the case of my brother *performed such a miraculous cure—for we attribute it to nothing else*—that I have concluded to test it myself." A Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its Nature, Action, and Results, *sent free* by DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia.—[*Com.*]

LAKE VIEW HOUSE, LIVONIA, N. Y., *Feb.* 9, 1880.

H. W. JOHNS MFG. Co., 87 Maiden Lane, N. Y.:

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—[*Com.*] Yours truly, E. R. BOLLES.

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THE SOCIAL QUESTION IN FRANCE

AND THE

FOUNDER OF THE "BON MARCHE" ESTABLISHMENT.

WITHIN the past few years the number of savings institutions, joint interest, and old men's provident associations for the benefit of every class of workingmen, has largely increased throughout France. It would seem as if that generous nation, after a series of great calamities, had finally settled down to study the formidable problem called the "Social Question," the solution of which is probably to be found only in a more just conception and appreciation of individual rights and duties.

Respectable merchants and enlightened manufacturers have succeeded in creating and putting into working order divers systems on the joint interest principle, fostering a closer tie of attachment on the part of their workmen and employés by admitting them to a more direct participation, and endeavoring, in the case of industrial enterprises, to improve the quality of their products by abandoning a share of the profits even to certain classes of workmen least favored of all heretofore.

Foremost among the merchants who first grappled with the difficult problem, and who, resolutely facing the same, speedily arrived at a practical and lasting solution thereof, ought to be named the late Aristide Boucicaut (the elder), the proprietor and founder of the great and world-famed establishment of the "Bon Marche," in Paris. We need scarcely point it out to Americans: the Bon Marche is the warehouse specially patronized by our countrymen. The whole of the American colony in Paris count among its regular customers. No American gentleman, much less an American lady, would think of passing through Paris without calling there. Every foreign visitor, in fact, is familiar with it; and, as a matter of course, the Parisian and French population look upon it as one of their haunts.

We shall therefore but briefly refer to this incomparable commercial emporium as such, to its immense airy and well-lighted galleries, comfortably arranged and admirably managed, the whole organism (especially intended for the retail trade in every variety of "nouveautes," so called) most advantageously contrasting with other houses of a similar category. Many of our fair readers have doubtless inspected its various and marvellous departments, admired the fine picture-gallery, refreshed themselves at the "buffet," cast a glance at the spacious reading-room, with its profuse supply of newspapers of almost every nationality, and visited the well-stocked and finely kept stables connected with this vast establishment. As regards their purchases, we are convinced that they have noticed at first glance how scrupulously is being carried out the founder's maxim engraven over the front entrance of the building, to the effect that "The system of selling everything at a small profit and in good faith is the true and only guide in all the dealings of the Bon Marche."

What we would more particularly dwell upon in this sketch is the thoroughly democratic organization of the house—the first one in Paris, and probably the foremost in the world in that respect—the philanthropic creation and legacy of its originator. Aristide Boucicaut, having mounted step by step to the pinnacle of fortune, was a man universally kind and affable to every one. His whole and only ambition was concentrated in the structure, which he had taken pride in gradually building up, and which he wished to perpetuate, as well as in the constant desire of doing good to his fellow-men. He took a heartfelt interest in the often precarious fate of the employés in this particular branch of business. Having risen from their ranks, he intimately knew their wants and aspirations. It was his ardent wish to improve their moral as well as their physical condition. He began by increasing their wages, reducing their working-hours to a more reasonable limit, and regularly closing on Sundays, in order to give them a day of rest. Next he established for them a course of instruction in foreign languages, music, fencing, etc. Finally he founded for their benefit a Provident Institution, to the capital stock of which a certain sum was annually to be added from the profits of the house, "without in any way infringing upon or diminishing the wages of the employés." After an existence of only three years, the funds of this institution amount to-day to about 337,400 francs (say, $67,500). At his death, in December, 1877, he left an only son, afflicted with a mortal disease. It is needless to say that the loss of that excellent man was profoundly and universally regretted. Two thousand employés mourned their benefactor, and for a time it was feared that his noble work would not survive him. Aristide Boucicaut, however, had not built on sand. His foresight had long before safely secured the foundation and stability of his creation by selecting from among his employés those who could and should keep it up. Pupils, as it were, and co-laborers of the founder, those interested by and with him in the affairs of the Bon Marche—all old employés of the house, all having by their services won the confidence of their chief as well as that of the public—after his death, carried on the management of the vast concern, under the direction of his widow, the faithful guardian of the traditions left her by her husband.

And to-day, notwithstanding her recent sorrow at the demise of her son—a bereavement long anticipated, alas!—the philanthropic and commercial work continues to progress and to thrive. Far from slacking its pace, it goes on increasing and extending, and Mrs. Boucicaut, the founder's widow, giving a renewed proof of her sanction of the philanthropic ideas that form part of her noble inheritance, has, but a few weeks ago, made to the most deserving of her employés a voluntary cession of two-fifths of the entire property of the house, thus placing the future of the Bon Marche beyond the probability of human eventualities.

The establishment, despite the gloom still overhanging it, henceforth steadily pursues its onward march. Its extensive premises themselves will be greatly enlarged this year; new structures are being added to the old ones, and new wonders will soon meet the eyes of its customers and visitors.

As a commercial and philanthropic enterprise, the house of the "Bon Marche" is destined to remain a lasting monument of progress, conceived and carried out under the vivifying impulse of fertile, practical, and truly republican ideas and principles!—[*Com.*]

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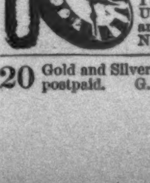

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Please find enclosed a copy of the Resolution that the Board adopted this afternoon at my urgent request.

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Hastings, Minn.

Resolved: "That *Harper's Young People* be and is hereby adopted by this Board as the text-book to be used for reading exercises in the intermediate grades of the public schools."

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